TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

JUNE, 1961 25¢

Teddy Roosevelt: BOSS OF THE Maltese Cross

Up the
Chisholm Trail

★

THE LOST
CRAZY WOMAN MINE

★

WHITE RIVER
MASSACRE

FRANKLIN J BECKER
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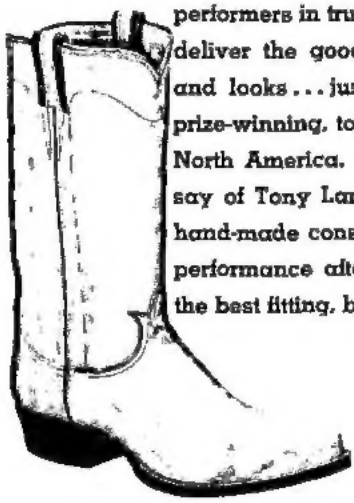
TOP PERFORMERS

These four rodeo stars and Tony Lama boots have a lot in common. All of them are top performers in true Western style. Tony Lama boots deliver the goods in quality wear, comfort and looks . . . just as these stars deliver prize-winning, top action performances throughout North America. Every one of these champions say of Tony Lama boots, "I go for their hand-made construction . . . gives me longer wear, performance after performance. Besides being the best fitting, best looking boots I've ever worn."



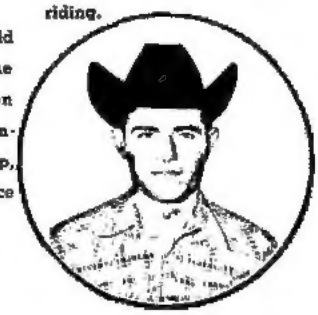
THE JAVELINA
IN NATURAL PIGSKIN

OSTRICH TANNED
GENUINE WATER BUFFALO

STYLE 17 THE MESCALERO

DUANE HOWARD, quiet and thoughtful, but plum serious about his rodeoing. 27 year old third generation rancher from Minnewaukan, North Dakota, '57 all-round runner-up. Since 1955 included in Championship Standings. Outstanding saddle bronc and bull riding.

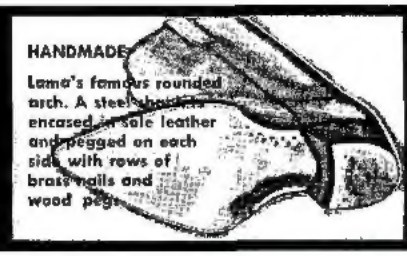
HARRY CHARTERS, World Champion. Rookie of the Year for '58, when he won the steer wrestling championship. The 6'6" champ, father of four, placed twice in this year's finals.



GUY WEEKS, vice-president of RCA, top all-around cowboy. Showed in Jr. Rodeos since age of 8. Good bet to win future bronc riding championship and all-around championship.

BENNY REYNOLDS, 6'3", weighing 205 pounds, and dang near perfect for a steer wrestler. Rookie of the year in '58, and for two years a finalist in 3 different events in National Finals Rodeo.

Tony Lama CO., INC.



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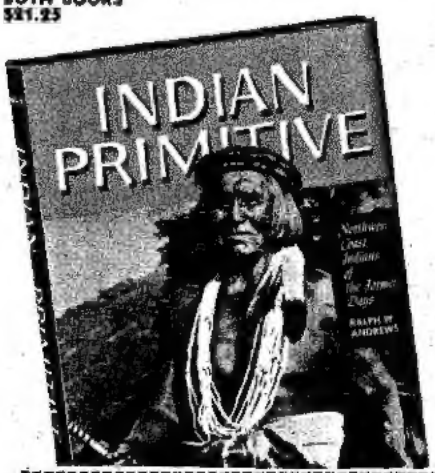

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May-June, 1961
Volume 8, No. 5
Whole No. 45

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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PAT WAGNER
Assistant Publisher

Editorial
ROBERT STOUT
Assistant Editor

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Historical Consultant

"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Buck Reilly

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin 31, Texas. 25c per copy, $3.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. $3.75 for 12 issues in Canada and all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1961 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS.

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Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?

You've known that it was coming all along. There is no point in explaining that costs have gone up since 1953 while we haven't raised our prices. The only thing that needs explaining (it would seem from your letters!) is why we have waited so long to go to 35c per copy.

It's been because of a letter. You wouldn't think that one friendly short letter would affect the thinking of a magazine organization that receives such a flood of mail that we are constantly "fussed at" for not being able to answer promptly. One little grain of sand on a seashore has no significance whatsoever —unless it is a very special little grain of sand.

This, to us at least, was a very special letter.

It was from an old man who is barely able to get along on his pension. He didn't say as much, but between the lines we gained the impression that even necessities grow slim along about the tail end of his pension month. But he sent his check for both magazines. And he said "You've got the best. I'll go without a meal now and then if it takes it, but I won't do without my TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES."

That old man's letter sort of stuck in my mind. I can't keep from wondering how many old men there are like him on our subscription lists, and every time we feel the time has come when we've GOT to raise the price on our magazines—I think of the old man . . .

So we've put it off as long as we can. Our costs continue to go up. The typesetter delivers a stack of galleys and says "Joe, isn't that a new tie? Things must be picking up!" You can see the anticipation creep into his eyes—"Wonder if the old boy wouldn't be good for a little raise in typesetting?"

The printer meets me on the street. "Joe!" he exclaims. "It's good to see you!" He says this while shaking my hand with his right and patting my pocket book with his left.

Then there is the paper situation. I love the man who wrote in: "Better paper? Keep it like it is. I don't like slick paper—it glares in the lamplight!" We can keep the paper like it is but we can't keep the price where it was in 1953. About six raises since then.

Uncle Sam? He's not even as good a trader as we are, so the cost of operating just about has his suspenders! It costs us twice as much to mail TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES to you now as it did just four years ago—and the end isn't in sight.

So we started feeling around for some extra revenue. We raised the question of running liquor advertising. Remember that? WE DO! We had to leave little trails between the "Yes!" and "No!" letters so that we could operate between desks. It became an avalanche. The "no's" got it, but they realized it would hurt us so, on their own, they started writing all types of potential advertisers. We thought this loyalty was wonderful and encouraged it.

To those of you who wrote in "Ask ————to advertise with you. I've been buying their————for 25 years!" I must explain that it isn't that easy. Advertisers are hounded by ten thousand publications and sometimes it takes ten years of constant work to get in *one client!* It is unbelievable to you, I know, but it's true. YOU know, I know, and the advertisers with us now know that we have a loyal following that makes for intensive readership—the type of advertising media which manufacturers have been looking for since the Stone Age. But you can't appreciate the quality of a pudding until you try it, and that's where the blood, sweat and tears come in—getting them to try! So stick with the boys who are with us and, with the price raise, we'll hit a long lope and never look back!

Here it is in a goober shell: We believe our readers want and deserve a bigger and better TRUE WEST. But the catch is we can't make the magazine bigger and better without charging for it—and for that measly extra dime an issue, you readers will get more and better true stories of the Old West, and we'll be making a little money too.

We won't be getting all of that dime increase, of course. See, on our sales setup, our magazine goes through a national distributor, a local wholesaler and finally to your local newsstand dealer. Each of those three people does some work and gets his just share of the price of the magazine—and rightly so. But even with the four-way split of the price, including that extra dime, we'll still get enough extra to put out the biggest and best western magazine in the world today!

I'm sure I have messed this up properly so that it is impossible to understand, but perhaps you get the general drift. The whole deal is this—when we go to 35c per copy, $4.00 for a 12 issue subscription, we'll have fat beef in the south forty IF SALES AND SUBSCRIPTIONS DO NOT DROP OFF. That's up to you—and to us. We're going to give you definitely a bigger and better TRUE WEST. It's going to be WORTH an extra dime. And if our sales don't fall, look out, Sally, we're headed for town!

FRONTIER TIMES? We are not increasing the size and we'll let it go as is for now. It is gaining steadily and we're switching contents now and then (we have both ready to go and then just switch contents from TRUE WEST to FRONTIER TIMES) to see if anyone notices. They haven't. Next step will be to make it bi-monthly so we'll have TRUE WEST one month, FRONTIER TIMES the next.

That's it. We're announcing the price raise ahead of time so that those of you who might feel the bite may renew or extend your subscriptions at the old rate. Remember, all existing subscriptions and all that come in before the rate raise will be honored at old rates right on through their expiration. See the back inside cover for an easy way to take care of this.

When a man has explained a situation the best he knows how, he ought to shut up. That's what I'm doing right now. See you later.—Joe.

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Truly Western

Search for Bill Gay's Descendents

Dear Mr. Stout:

I was glad to know Bill Gay's story ("We Watched Them Die," March-April, 1961, TRUE WEST) was received so well by TRUE WEST'S readers.

Perhaps some of your readers can help me. I am trying to locate Bill Gay's descendents. Bill had two wives, one a white woman and one an Indian. The son and grandchildren of his Indian wife are now living on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, but the existence of or whereabouts of any other children is unknown. I would like anyone who has any information concerning Bill's other children to write to me.

Bill Gay will be written up by me in the Thoen Stone story I am preparing. The Thoen Stone is the letter carved in rock by Ezra Kind, revealing the story of the pioneer party which went into the Black Hills and got "all the gold they could carry" but were killed by Indians before they could reach civilization again. Bill Gay played only a small part in this story, but he will be mentioned along with his misinterpretation of the meaning of Kind's message.—Frank Thomson, Spearfish, South Dakota.

Willie Gay, Bill Gay's son, and Frank Thomson at the Thoen Stone.

What Is It?

Hi:

Say, I have a picture here that we

(Continued on page 46)

Willie Gay's great-grandchildren at his home on Gay Creek on the Pine Ridge Reservation in southwestern South Dakota.

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ON THE NEWSSTANDS NOW!

You asked for more Indian life and lore—

then don't miss

"The Smoke Signal"

Frederic Remington's famous painting

Now featured on the cover of

FRONTIER TIMES

This is True West!

FRONTIER TIMES is TRUE WEST—with just a different title. This was done in order to keep both magazines on the newsstands longer so we could sell more copies and come out better financially in order to do what you want us to do—EFFECT MONTHLY PUBLICATION. If you can't find FRONTIER TIMES, look under Magazines in the yellow pages (or ask your newsstand owner) and call the wholesaler. Tell him you've just GOT to have more TW and FT at your favorite newsstand, and you won't go without. We'll send any number to any wholesaler—as many as he wants.

CHECK THIS PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS:

THE SALMON FALLS MASSACRE. The little band of foolhardy pioneers struck out alone across the Idaho wilds, hoping to meet an escort of soldiers to guide them through the stomping grounds of the fierce Bannock Indians. Starvation and ill luck dogged their trail, gradually taking their toll. Only a handful reached Fort Walla Walla, gaunt, half-alive skeletons whose survival was a miracle of determination and guts.

THE RIDE THAT STARTED THE GOLD RUSH. Midshipman Edward F. Beale was the unsung hero of the famous 49er's trek to California. Disguised as a bandit to protect his own life, he dared the jungles and deserts of central Mexico to make a thrilling cross-continent ride to carry the news of Marshall's discovery to Washington.

MUSKET MEDICINE AND REMEDIES. by Samuel O. Sisco. Frontier doctors came up ag'in the quarrelsomest people when they tried to set up shop in the semi-civilized areas where doctoring was a matter of toadstool and asafetida cures.

BUCKSKIN FRANK LESLIE. The famous Tombstone gunman lived a hell-for-leather life—then disappeared from the scene and drifted into oblivion.

THE LONG LONG TRAIL. by Tana Mac. Kid Curry has been called by some a psychopathic killer. What is the truth behind his becoming a member of Butch Cassidy's famous Wild Bunch?

"JUST A LITTLE ELK MEAT!" Earl Durand was an anachronism. Born a hundred years earlier, he might have become famous—joining such men as Jim Bridger, Hugh Glass, or even John Fremont, in western heroics—but instead he was a hunted man, considered insane by many, who wanted only to be left alone to a life in a wilderness that no longer existed.

There just isn't enough room to list other thrilling stories like A HORSE TO BRAG ABOUT; JACKASS GOLD; THE VANISHING FRONTIER; WHEN THE LAW HIT THE STRIP; END-OF-TRACK TOWN; HALF-HORSE, HALF-ALLIGATOR; and INDIAN SIGN LANGUAGE. "Nuggets" brings you SEQUOYAH—INDIAN INVENTOR OF A WRITTEN LANGUAGE, APACHE BOB, THE TRAPPED TRAPPER, WILDERNESS BRAWL and MINESELF'S WILL. Don't miss this Spring issue of FRONTIER TIMES—it's power-packed plus!

If you have trouble finding FRONTIER TIMES on your newsstand, fill in the coupon and make sure of getting it regularly.

FRONTIER TIMES, Box 5008-TW, Austin 31, Texas

I am enclosing ☐ $1 for 4 issues; ☐ $2 for 8 issues; ☐ $3 for 12 issues (check one) of FRONTIER TIMES.

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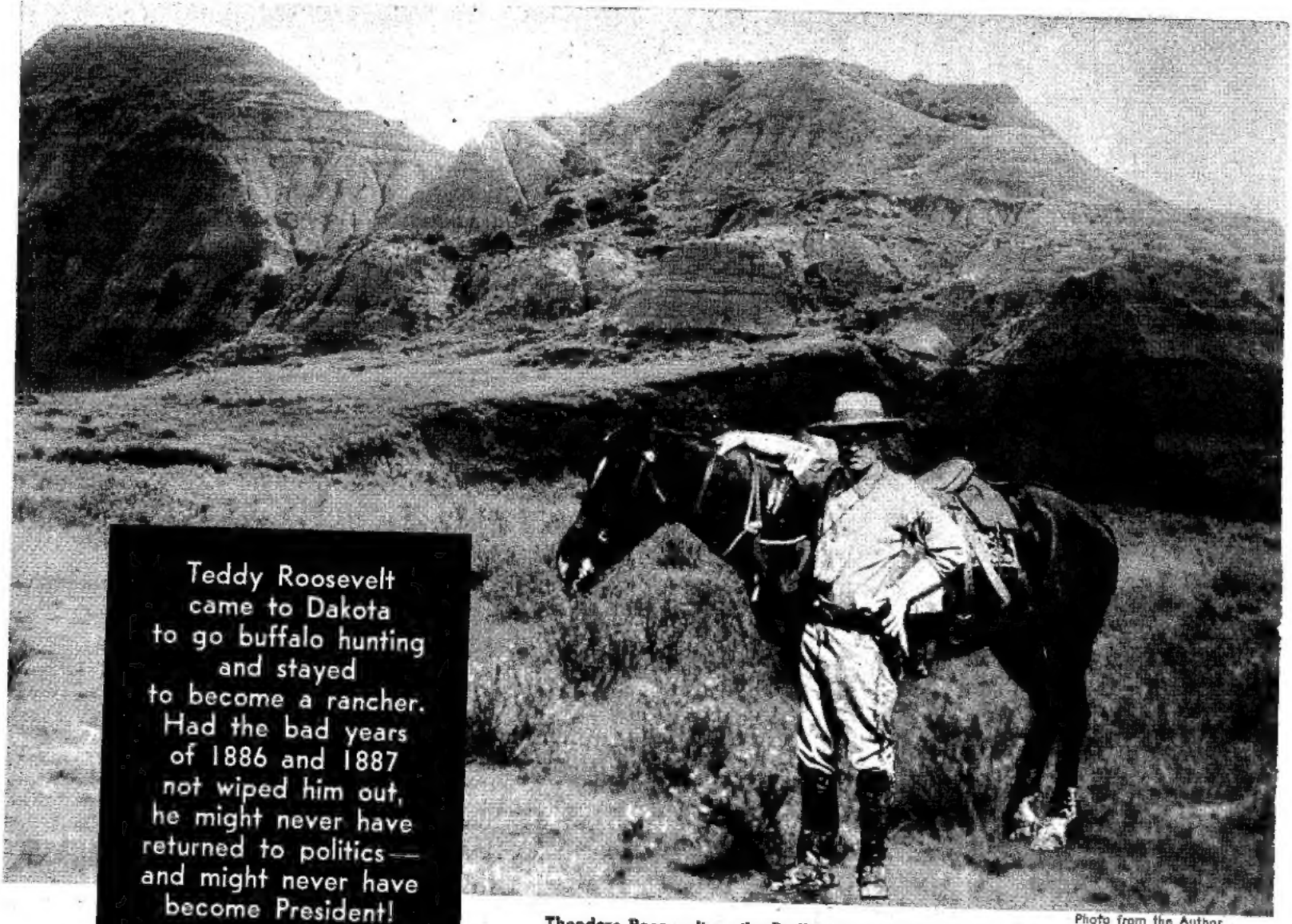

Photo from the Author

Theodore Roosevelt on the Badlands near Medora, North Dakota, in 1883.

Teddy Roosevelt came to Dakota to go buffalo hunting and stayed to become a rancher. Had the bad years of 1886 and 1887 not wiped him out, he might never have returned to politics—and might never have become President!

BOSS OF THE MALTESE CROSS

By GEORGE D. WOLFE

IN THE predawn darkness of a September morning in 1883, a Northern Pacific passenger train ground to a stop at a forlorn way station on the banks of the Little Missouri River in western Dakota Territory.

One passenger alighted. He was a shortish young fellow, almost frail, who watched with some misgiving the departing train as it faded into the darkness. The station was named Medora, in the Badlands, and for a moment the greenhorn studied with awe the weird region engulfed in monstrous shadows. For he was from the "Silk Stocking" district of New York City and had come to the West to hunt buffaloes. He had been told that at Medora he could hire a guide. His name was Theodore Roosevelt.

After his myopic vision had become accustomed to the darkness—he wore thick-lensed glasses—he could make out the silhouette of the town's only hotel, the Pyramid Park, referred to locally as The Bull Pen, Ferris Vine, Prop. And a tough old hombre he was.

Roosevelt picked up his valise and gun case, made his way to the hostelry and, after a great deal of pounding, saw the leathery face of the landlord, heavy with whiskers and the odor of whiskey, appear before him. Turning his lantern on the dude, the proprieter asked his business. The stranger wanted a few hours rest, he explained, in a very cultured voice. As Vine studied the apparition before him he wondered whether it was bad eyesight or bad whiskey that brought up such images. But at last he said that there was one vacant bunk on the second floor and that he "was damned lucky to get it."

Thus in a dingy room where a dozen cowpokes snored, coughed and groaned, the tenderfoot crept to bed, thankful for a few hours rest. The following morning many jests were made about the "Eastern punkin-lily" by his roommates. But Roosevelt was travel-weary and perhaps did not hear, nor care.

Soon he was up and about, seeking a guide for a buffalo hunt. The herds at that time were being rapidly depleted. There were guides aplenty, but most of them looked with suspicion on this greenest of greenhorns with his thick glasses and Harvard accent. But the dude was a man of purpose and he kept on until he found the man he wanted, Joe Farris. Joe was superintendent of the Catonment outfit, hunter, wanderer of the Badlands, and all-round guide.

After considerable p e r s u a s i o n Joe agreed to help the young man get a buffalo, but warned him that it might take a lot of trailing over mighty tough country. Joe advised him to leave the Winchester and buy or borrow a Sharps rifle. The tenderfoot danced about like a kid. "By Godfrey," he beamed, "it'll be a great hunt!"

AFTER borrowing a Sharps Big Fifty, Joe and Teddy set out, the latter

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consigned to a buckboard carrying guns and equipment. To this contraption Teddy took an intense dislike. "By Godfrey," he exclaimed, "I'll borrow, beg or buy a saddle horse somewhere. This buggy is not for me."

Joe set his sights on the ranch of Gregor Lang which lay about fifty miles up the Little Missouri. This would be the headquarters for their hunting expedition.

Joe found that his companion was an excitable, talkative chap, a most enthusiastic hunter whose interest in all that he saw was deep and intense. As they moved northward, the New Yorker learned a lot from the quiet, observing Joe Farris. Teddy expressed great interest in cattle and hinted that he hoped some day to have a spread of his own in that fascinating country.

Joe slowly but surely began to like the fellow. Although they had not as yet sighted any buffaloes, he noted that the tenderfoot was not strictly an amateur on a game trail; that he was always cheerful, bore hardships without a murmur and was completely unselfish. He also had the skill, despite the eyeglasses, of placing a heavy caliber bullet remarkably close to where it was intended to go. A strange fellow indeed!

As they worked northward, they traversed country that at times appeared stark and dreadful—an unearthly panorama of great rock-faced coulees topped by fantastic buttes and battlements wrapped in purple shadows which was awesome to behold.

"By Godfrey, what a country!" young Teddy would exclaim.

They crossed the Custer Trail at a point where the ill-fated Seventh Cavalry had camped on May 30, seven years before, on the way to their rendezvous with death. Signs of the bivouac still remained. Teddy recalled that it was here that Custer issued orders for no discharging of firearms and no trumpet calls. Sioux territory!

Northern Pacific Railway

Roosevelt guarding three thieves.

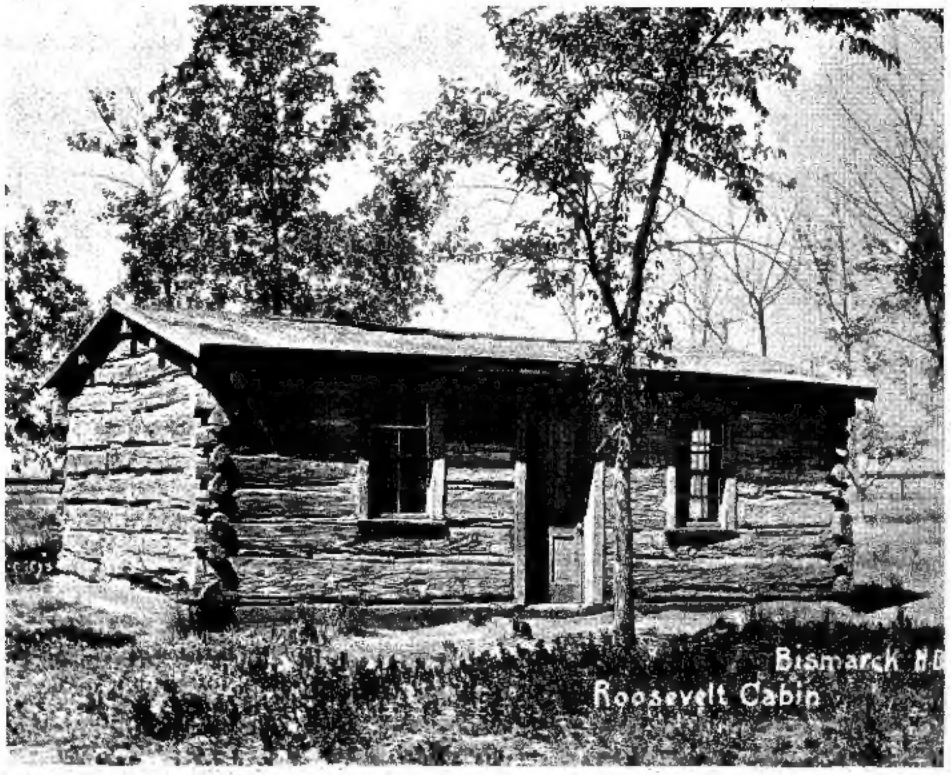
Nearby in a lone cabin lived Howard Eaton and his brothers. They were enterprising and they were to later become world-famous as dude wranglers. Joe and Teddy stopped briefly and the the latter plied the Eatons with question after question concerning the cattle trade. Long afterward Howard Eaton was to say with a chuckle, "I just barely remember him as a greenhorn Easterner."

A few miles beyond, at Chimney Buttes, Teddy made the acquaintance of Joe's brother, Sylvane Farris and his partner, Bill Merrifield, two stalwart young Canadians who were raising cattle and branding under a mark known as the "Maltese Cross." Teddy was greatly impressed with the pair and pressed questions upon them far into the night. These two were to later mark that meeting as memorable.

At the Maltese Cross ranch, refused the loan of a mount, Teddy bought a beautiful dun mare, with which he was "simply de—lighted!" (Merrifield later explained he'd have lent him the mount, but as he didn't know him from a side of sole leather, he doubted that he would ever get the mare back.)

With Teddy mounted and Joe in the buckboard, they set out for Lang's ranch over a rugged trail that bore southward following the meandering course of the Little Missouri. It was a region of green slopes, luxuriant meadows, bounded by abysmal caverns and stone formations beyond all description. Shortly after crossing the Fort Keogh Trail, they reached the confluence of Little Cannonball Creek and the Little Missouri. Here was located the house of Gregor Lang, which was to be their headquarters.

Theodore Roosevelt's old log cabin from his Badlands ranch.



LANG was a man after Teddy's own heart. A Scotchman, canny and well educated, he was superintendent for an Anglo-American cattle syndicate and knew both the Badlands and cattle. He was, in a word, the very man Teddy was looking for. The two hit it off great.

Day after day, through fair weather and foul, Joe and Teddy were out on the trail of the elusive buffalo. But no matter how great were the hardships of the daily hunt, Teddy and Lang would talk far into the night while Joe, the exhausted guide, slept the sleep of the just on a buffalo robe. Yet at each dawn, the tenderfoot was up and ready, fending off every suggestion that they rest up for a day. To Joe Ferris this fellow "took the book," and he came to want a buffalo as keenly as Teddy in order to end the daily grind.

Although bad luck followed them, on the tenth day of the hunt Joe and Teddy cut the trail of a bull among some deep coulees over the Montana line. After some wild scrambling, Teddy, while on horseback, placed a center shot just below the shoulders. They found the bull in the next gully, dead.

Teddy Roosevelt was beside himself with glee, dancing about like a kid. He gave Joe Farris $100 on the spot. The following day they returned and took away the hide and head as trophies.

That night Teddy remarked that he must return to the East for a while, as he was a member of the New York Legislature. "But, by Godfrey, I'll be back soon," he told Lang, shaking his hand cordially.

As he left for Medora and the station Lang said, "There goes the most remarkable man I have ever met."

Before his departure, however, Teddy

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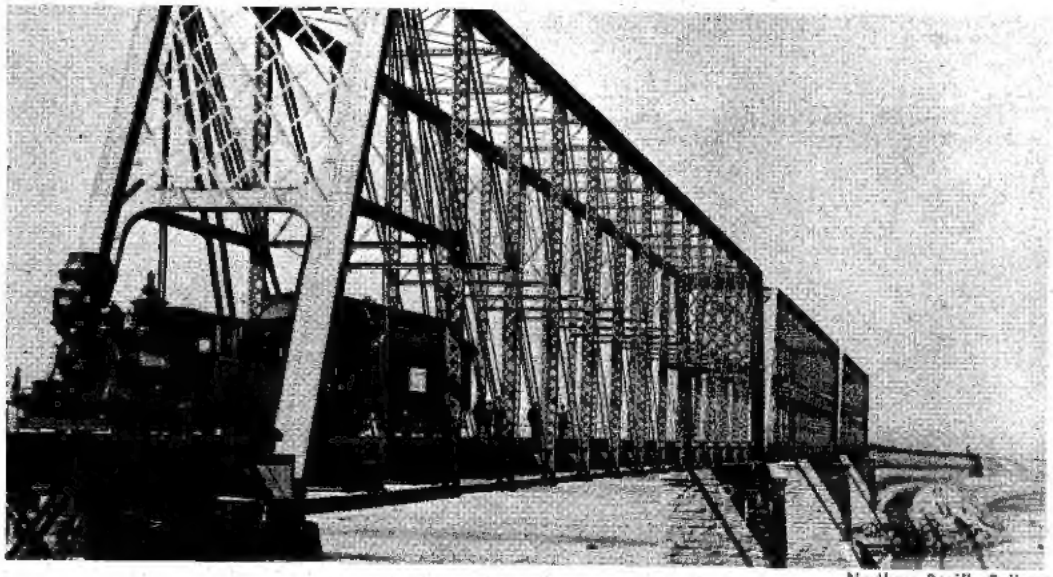


Northern Pacific Railway

Above, a one-car train on the North Pacific bridge over the Missouri River west of Bismarck in 1882. The bridge was completed that year.

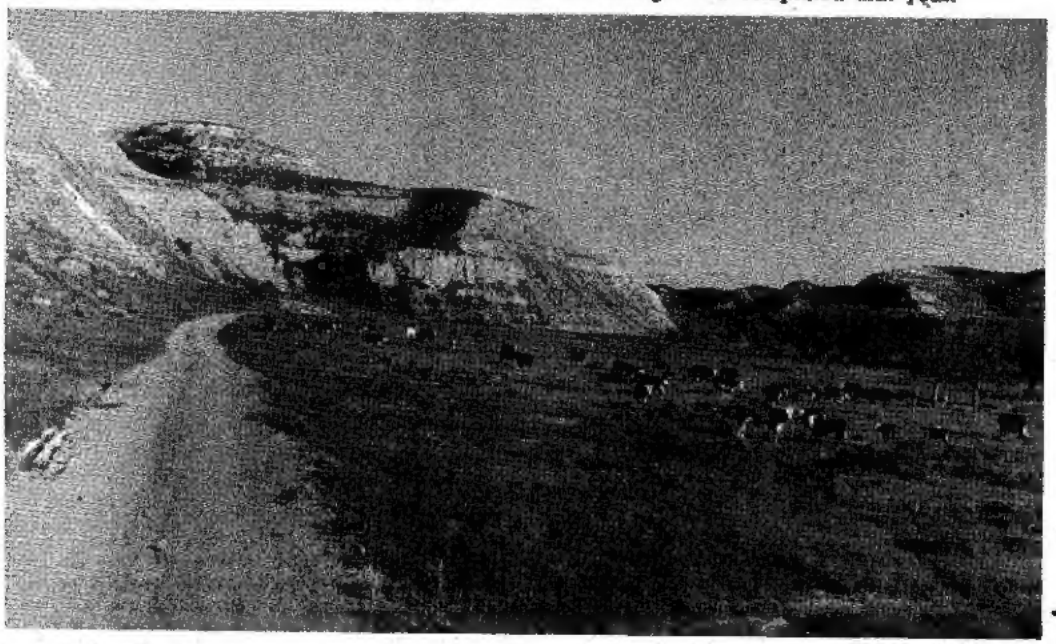
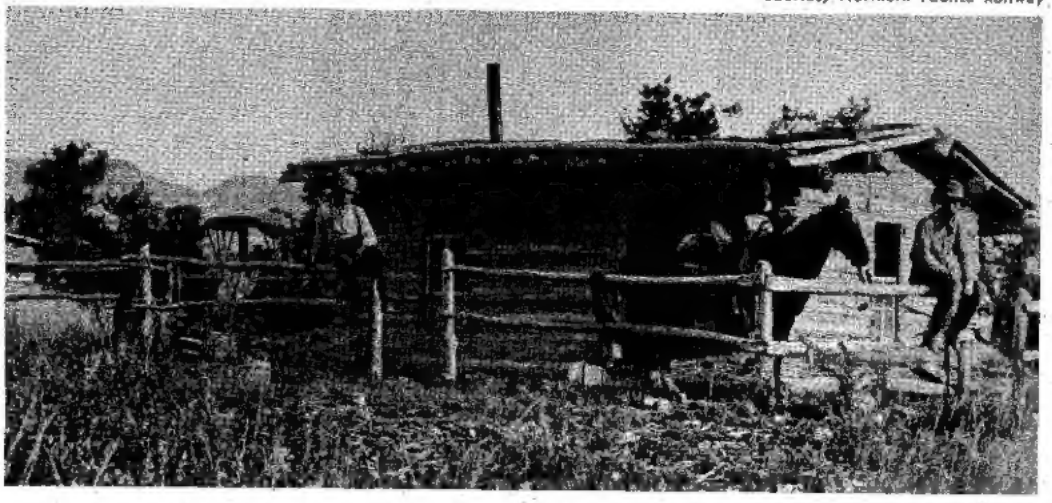


Photo from the Author

Above, stock raising is still an important industry in the North Dakota Badlands as it was when Theodore Roosevelt ranched in that area. Here a group of Herefords graze on rangeland near Medora, heart of this region. Below, a homesteader's log-reinforced sod house in western North Dakota.

Midway Photographic Laboratory
Courtesy Northern Pacific Railway



talked with Lang about the possibilities of raising cattle. He asked Lang to be his partner in a spread, but Lang declined—regretfully—because he was committed to other interests.

"Who would you recommend, Mr. Lang?"

Lang told Roosevelt that Farris and Merrifield of the Maltese Cross would be a likely combination. Again Teddy was "de-lighted" and began negotiating with the outfit for a partnership! In due course the contract was signed, and Farris and Merrifield went to Iowa to purchase 300 shorthorns. They also obtained 150 of these cattle from a Minnesota outfit, and when the newly-acquired steers were added to the few already owned by the Maltese Cross, the partnership was off to a good start. From the beginning, however, Teddy was cautioned to go slow.

BACK EAST Roosevelt was soon deeply involved in the political hassles of that age. After the wild, free life in the Badlands, he grew more and more restless. A turning point in his life came on February 12, 1884, when his wife and his mother died in the space of six hours. "It seems I have little to live for," he wrote Lang.

The following June, Roosevelt was in Chicago for the political convention and the nomination of Blaine, a man he could not support.

He returned to Dakota, receiving a hearty welcome at the station by the Maltese Cross outfit.

The cattle were doing well. Although the outfit had lost about twenty-five head during the winter from wolves and the cold, it had around 150 fine calves.

The Cross outfit embraced a frontage of four miles along both sides of the Little Missouri and extending back thirty miles on each side. Teddy ordered barbed wire and began fencing. He told his partners that he was going to make cattle raising his business. A new contract was drawn up and signed by the trio. Sitting on a log and using a stub of a pencil, Teddy wrote a check for $26,000 and told Sylvane and Merrifield to go East for more stock.

ROOSEVELT threw himself into his new calling with great determination. He rode range, cut out at the spring roundup, did his part in roping, throwing and branding, even, at times, mounting to the "hurricane deck" of the "sunfishers"—those bad-acting ponies which usually struck terror into the greenhorns. He hunted antelope, bears, and jackrabbits. He wrote his sister, "I am spending thirteen hours a day in the saddle, my health is improved and I like this life more every day."

Little by little Theodore Roosevelt earned the respect of every square-shooter in the region. This came through Roosevelt's character and from his faith in himself. He always had guts, and that was the main factor that marked him well on the frontier.

Late one evening while in pursuit of stray horses in the western edge of the Badlands, night overtook Roosevelt at Mingusville, a small settlement on Beaver Creek. It consisted of a station, section house, and a saloon-hotel combination. As Roosevelt stabled his horse and was on the point of entering the saloon, a fusillade erupted.

This boded ill, but Roosevelt entered

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Photo from the Author

Cattle roundup on the Little Missouri River in the North Dakota Badlands. This is the country where Theodore Roosevelt ranched during the 1880's.

the dingy saloon. About a half-dozen sheepherders and range hands stood near the bar. A squat, tough individual wearing a sombrero was walking up and down with a smoking pistol in each hand. He singled out Roosevelt immediately. "Four Eyes!" he shouted, "Four Eyes is buying drinks all around."

Roosevelt eyed him rather coldly and took a seat at the side. The bully followed him over. "You are standing treat, Four Eyes," he repeated, "so get up!"

T. R. came up out of the chair with the spring of a cat. He landed two hard rights and one left to the fellow's jaw with such speed and power the eye could scarcely follow it. The fellow's pistols exploded harmlessly and he went down with a deep thud, his head striking the corner of the bar. The sheepherders carried the unconscious troublemaker away and Roosevelt spent the rest of the night undisturbed. This bit of action became known almost immediately throughout the region. The tenderfoot, it seemed, was a man in his own right.

In July, 1884, Roosevelt went East on pressing business, but was back in Medora within three weeks with a pair of sturdy Maine backwoodsmen, Bill Sewell and his nephew, Will Dow. They had agreed to ranch for T. R. for three years —on shares if the spread prospered, for wages if it failed to pay. (Dow was later to develop into one of the best hands in Dakota.)

Before leaving New York, Roosevelt had remarked to a *Tribune* reporter, "I strongly recommend that some of our gilded youth go west and try a short course of riding bucking ponies and branding a lot of wild Texas steers."

ROOSEVELT had enlarged his holdings, taking a vast amount of land forty miles to the north of the Cross, and just beyond Howard Eaton's outfit, a region of great meadows and valleys. Teddy named it the "Elkhorn" from two locked antlers he had picked up nearby. This would be his northern headquarters, with Sewell and Dow in charge. Seasoned cattle were brought up and the three set to work cutting cottonwood logs for building the headquarters and stables. At this the boys from Maine had no superior and the work progressed rapidly.

T. R. now had over $40,000 invested. He had to make good. Sylvane Farris was dispatched for horses. He shortly came in from Spearfish with fifty-two head of sundancers—wild cayuses, all of which had to be broken. Yet, busy as they were, T. R. made a quick trip into the Big Horn country and killed several mountain sheep.

As the severe winter came on, the cattle required a closer watch for a lot of them were southern stock and hardly inured to the cold. Also a great deal of line riding was required to keep the stock from straying into the Sioux country.

That winter Roosevelt was to learn firsthand the terror, weariness, and strain embodied in rounding up stampeding cattle in the teeth of a Dakota blizzard. On one occasion, near Chimney Butte, Roosevelt was in the saddle for forty continuous hours.

One evening T. R. and one of his hands found a stray maverick from the Maltese spread that had ranged into the zone of another outfit. They roped and tied the calf and Roosevelt told his hand to put the brand of the other outfit on the calf. The hand protested. "It's your calf, Mr. Roosevelt," and so saying, the man heated the iron and was upon the point of putting the Cross on when Roosevelt stayed his hand. T. R. told him he was fired and to go to the ranch and get his time. "A man that will steal for me will steal from me," he told him, and waved him away.

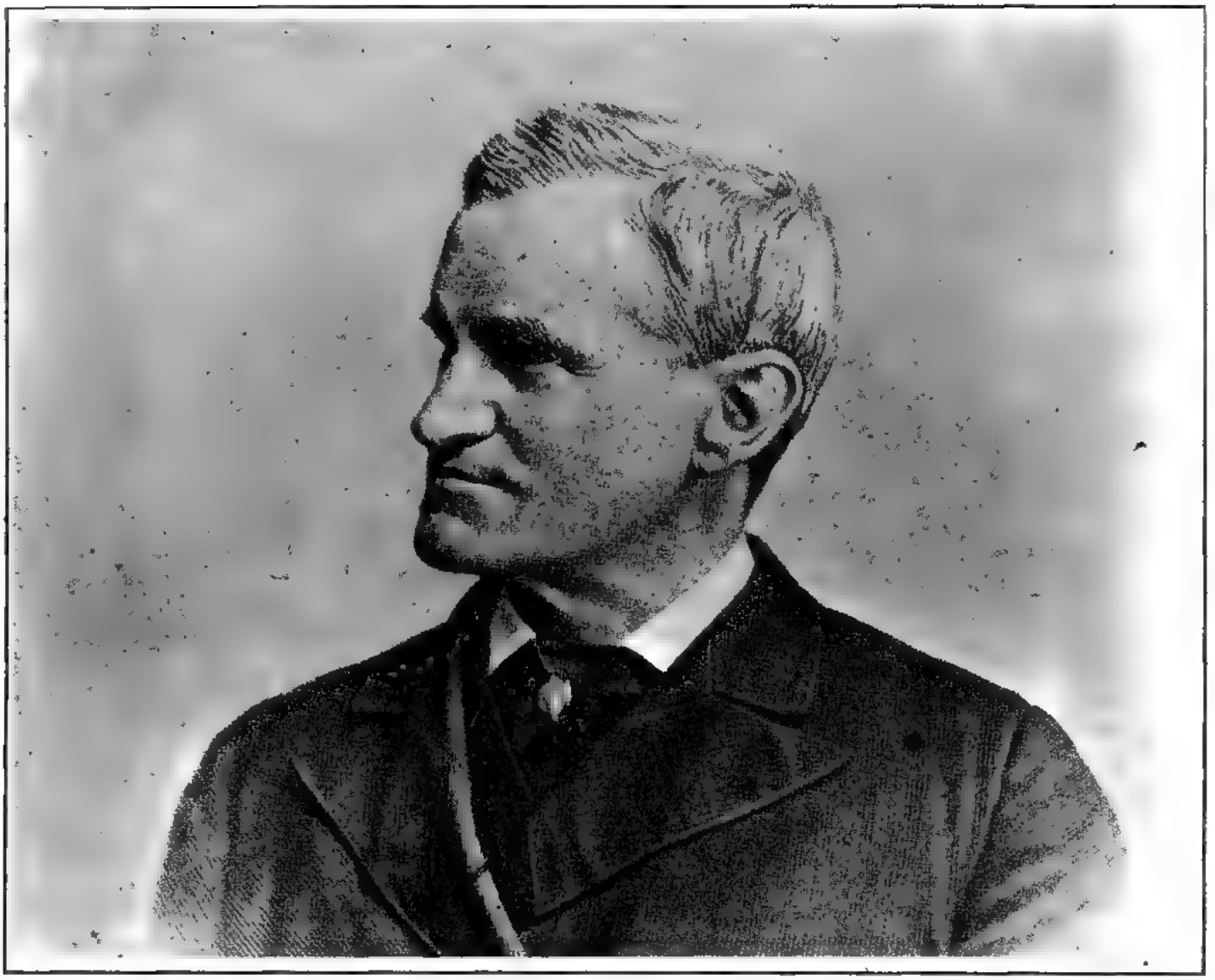
MANY of T. R.'s exploits in the Dakota country are still talked about to this day. Perhaps the most notable incident took place near winter's end in '86 when Roosevelt discovered that his boat on the Little Missouri had been stolen. He strongly suspected a tough character up the river named Mike Finnigan who chummed with two equally shady characters named Burnsted, a half-breed, and a German immigrant who went by the name of Pfaffenbach.

T. R. and his two Maine woodsmen hastily built a flat-bottomed boat and set out in pursuit. The weather was extremely bitter; the river was ice-choked. Propelling the boat along with staves in the teeth of a bitter wind, they made slow progress but T. R. vowed to take the culprits.

On the third day they spied the boat tied up on the shore. And not far away they located Mike Finnigan and his two cohorts. The pursuers crept up and when only a few yards distant, rose and covered the trio with cocked rifles. The three surrendered.

The 300-mile trip to the jail at Dickinson via the Diamond Ranch camps, past ice jams, over portages, by pack and covered wagon, in temperatures below

(Continued on page 34)



Office of War Information photo 208-PU-150A-1 in the National Archives

Francis Parkman

THE RANGE of his vision was less than ten yards; the only things in front of him that he could distinguish clearly at the moment were his horse's ears and the trail in the immediate foreground. Beyond that everything was blurred, and he didn't know that he had just passed a war party of Sioux braves who had watched him from a hill.

He had a bad case of dysentery and his head, "overcrowded with book learning," as his doctor had recently diagnosed, was throbbing with pain, yet he pushed on, relentlessly seeking knowledge of the West that would enable him to write about it firsthand and portray it as it was in that year of 1846. No man with so many physical handicaps to overcome ever sought to fulfill a more ambitious dream.

His name was Francis Parkman and he was to become one of America's greatest historians. Only by his iron will could he hope to forge the links of a chain welding together all his plans of a successful career with a pen, yet today, more than ever, Parkman's achievements stand out as an example of what the physically handicapped may do if they have the courage to pursue their ambitions.

It can literally be said that Parkman conquered a wilderness with his pen, for his first book, *The Oregon Trail*, coming as it did just before gold was discovered in California, lifted from the minds of many would-be emigrants the bugaboos about overland travel that otherwise might have kept them from making the long and perilous journey. Parkman made it quite clear that well-organized and sizeable wagontrains could cross the continent without fear of annihilation. If the hardships could be endured, they would arrive safe and sound at their destinations.

The book, though not intended for that purpose, did more to stimulate travel westward during 1849 than any other single factor, except the lure of gold itself. Thousands who made the journey that year said Parkman's book helped them make up their minds. For several years thereafter, copies of it were to be found in two out of every three wagons that put in at Fort Laramie. One of the first books to be written about the West, its widely-recognized authenticity, founded on the author's own personal experiences as a traveler of that route, gave America a shot in the arm, a stimulant that set in motion countless caravans wheeling toward a westering sun.

Although it dealt in greater part with the Indians along the way, it is nevertheless something of a "Bible" to those students of western history who like their facts hard and cold. For the past 100 years it has served as a textbook on the American Indian and his old way of life.

PARKMAN was riding alone that morning when his eyesight was so bad, having taken a short cut to Fort Laramie while his traveling companions sought out a herd of buffaloes reported to be in the vicinity. Only his apparent cool disregard of the Sioux saved his life. The war party, already under observation by a Fort Laramie scout, was seen soon after fleeing south as if pursued by evil spirits.

Shortly after he unknowingly passed the Indians, Parkman was joined in his ride to Fort Laramie by John Hathaway, the trail scout who had him under observation. (For the record, I would like the privilege of stating here that John Hathaway, some forty-seven years later, was to become my great-grandfather. Handed down to me over the years were tales of their lasting friendship, so that now as I take up the Parkman saga, 115 years and four-and-a-half generations later, I feel a certain affinity for the man, almost as if we were old, old friends.)

John Hathaway was characteristically immodest, yet honest, when he said of Parkman years later, "He was the most interesting man I ever met on the trail; for one who had been in the West but a few months, he knew the American Indian better than I did, and I thought I knew everything about Indians."

Both men were the same age, twenty-three, hardly adults under today's human timetable, but already they were standouts in their chosen professions.

Although in his book, Parkman made few references to his illness, he was so sick at Fort Laramie that his friend and traveling companion, Quincy A. Shaw, urged him to turn back. Of that time he later wrote:

"I had been slightly ill for several weeks, but on the third night after reaching Fort Laramie a violent pain woke me, and I found myself attacked by the same disorder that occasioned such heavy losses to the Army of the Rio Grande (dysentery). In a day-and-a-half I was reduced to extreme weakness, so that I could not walk without pain and effort . . . . I resolved to throw myself upon Providence for recovery, using, without regard to the disorder, any portion of strength that might remain to me." He made no mention of the attacks of blindness which were plaguing him at the time, apparently preferring to ignore them as something that would quickly pass.

FRANCIS PARKMAN was born September 26, 1823, in Boston, the son of the Reverend and Caroline Parkman. His grandfather, Samuel Parkman, had become one of the richest merchants of that era and it was Francis' share of this fortune, said to have been about $150,000, that enabled him to finance so many of his writing enterprises.

At the time of his graduation from Harvard, he was far from robust. He tried in the Harvard gym, and on numerous hiking trips, to build up his physique so that he might endure the hardships of wilderness travel. But he overdid it and went to Europe for a rest. The trip did not help him.

When he came home, he decided to study law and give up his western trip, but the fever of exploration burned within him and after receiving his law de-

Ft. Laramie. Wyoming. as it appeared before Francis Parkman's first visit there.

Wyoming State Historical Department

Parkman lived with the Oglala Sioux, studying their way of life in order to write about it. The woman shown here is preparing a buffalo hide, stretched on a frame. These and similar scenes attracted Parkman's attention.
Smithsonian Institution
Bureau of American Ethnology

gree, he set about making his plans, hopeful that the venture would restore his health.

Long before he and Shaw reached St. Louis, Francis realized that he was in no physical condition to endure hard travel, yet he would not give up. Symptoms of some of the ailments that would plague him for the rest of his life manifested themselves from day to day, one attack seeming to bring on another. One day, partly blind, the next day suffering stomach pains and hampered by a throbbing headache, he had only a few days during the entire trip when he actually felt well.

His first really serious affliction was temporary blindness. He discovered one morning while in St. Louis that he could not see his hands before him.

"It must be something you ate," Shaw told him. "Lie down for a while. It'll pass."

When hours later his sight returned to almost normal he was deliriously happy.

It was on April 28, 1846, that Parkman and Shaw, who had been roommates at Harvard, set out on the journey west. Parkman financed the expedition from his inheritance.

Two days out there was a recurrent surge of the "blind staggers" as Shaw called them. "Hadn't we better turn back," he urged, "before it's too late? There are no doctors where we're going."

"It will pass," Parkman insisted. "Man, do you realize this is the fulfillment of my dreams. How can I turn back now?"

They went by boat along the Missouri River as far as the border between Missouri and Kansas, where they hired a French-Canadian guide named Henry Chatillon, whom Parkman never tired of praising. They crossed a corner of Kansas and the whole of Nebraska without serious incident and arrived in Wyoming in about two months. Parkman described this portion of the trip in his book, reciting many amusing incidents that make good reading, yet at no time were there any real problems.

Fort Laramie was a post of the American Fur Company, for whom my great-grandfather, mentioned earlier, served as guide and trapper. Parkman insisted that he accompany them on west but Hathaway declined, fearful that if he accepted he would not be able to return to Illinois that fall for his wedding, scheduled for late November. It was a decision he was long to regret, for had he gone with Parkman, he still would have been back in time for the wedding and he would have earned enduring fame as one of the writer's companions.

Although Parkman did not mention Hathaway by name in his book, referring to him only as "R" for Rusty, the name by which travelers knew him best, they did exchange letters over a period of four or five years, about twenty in all, which are now owned by various private collectors.

The illness which beset the author at Fort Laramie was to plague him for weeks, yet it did not prevent him from moving in with the Oglala tribe to learn how Indians lived. The heart of his *Oregon Trail* is concerned with the arduous time he spent in an endeavor to achieve this experience. He gave to the Indians all the presents he had brought with him and so earned their admiration that the chief urged him to take the prettiest girl of the tribe as his own.

"You can't insult a chief," Parkman later told Shaw, who during this interval remained in Fort Laramie, "so I shared the same buffalo robe with her at night and bribed her to say that I had performed my duties as a husband, though I assure you, my skeptical friend, I did nothing of the sort."

During this sojourn with the Indians, Parkman ate the flesh of dogs and rode with the Oglalas after buffalo, although at times he could scarcely stay in the saddle. He joined in their rough games of skill, doing all the things that no man in his weakened condition should have done, for to reveal his illness to the Indians would no doubt have resulted in his quick expulsion from the tribe.

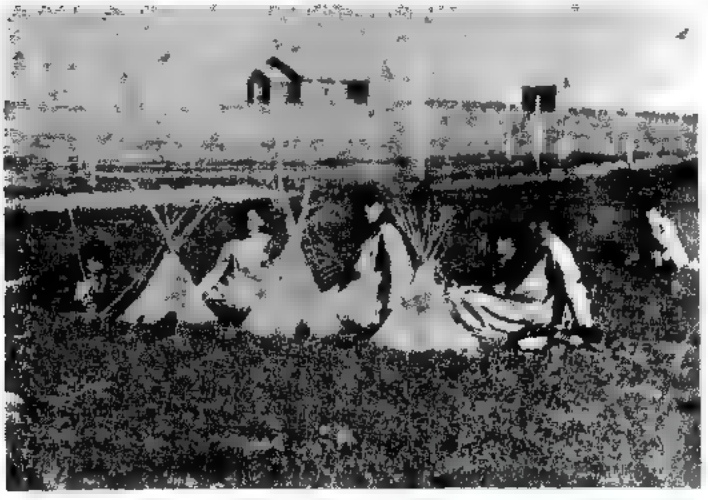
THE NET result of Parkman's observations was far from being a romantic description of Indian life. Had he remained with them for a shorter time, he told Shaw, he perhaps would have seen less of the filth and ugliness that was so prevalent. However, when they moved camp, as they frequently did to keep up with the constantly shifting buffalo herds, he moved with them. He watched their love-making, listened to their family bickerings, observed them in idleness and studied their daily habits, becoming the first white man ever to write so intimately about the mysteries of the American Indian.

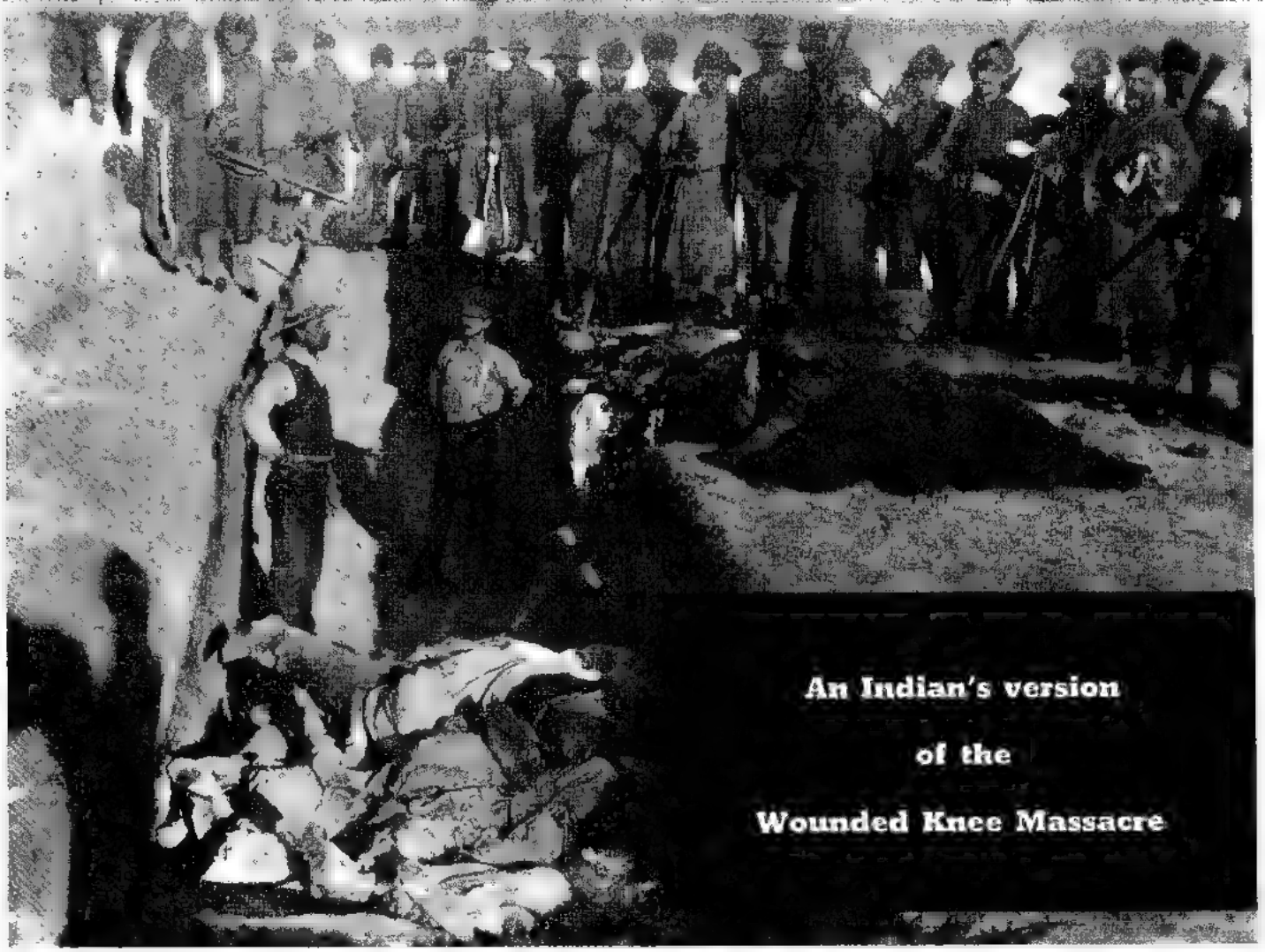
What were the Plains Indians like before they were herded together on reservations? This question he answered so thoroughly that today high schools and colleges everywhere use his books for reference. Every public library carries a card reference in its "Par" file bearing the name Parkman.

But all was not filth and ugliness in the Indian camps. Parkman found the Indians to be honest within the framework of their established society. They might steal mules from their enemies but anything of value left around an Indian camp was safe. Each respected the

(Continued on page 50)

Left. Oglala Sioux girls playing with toy teepees. Right. Oglala dancers.
Smithsonian Institution
Bureau of American Ethnology





Burying the dead after the battle of Wounded Knee.

Doomed Men from Cherry Creek

By PAUL HIGH BACK as told to JOHN WILLIAMSON

Ed Bartholomew Photos

Editor's Note: In the March-April, 1961, issue of TRUE WEST we presented Hugh McGinnis' firsthand account of his participation as a U. S. soldier in the Wounded Knee Massacre of 1890. While corroborating the data in that article, we were fortunate enough to run across the following account, related by Paul High Back, a Minnecomjou Sioux who also was present and, like McGinnis, was wounded in the melee at Pine Ridge. In order that you, our readers, be given a complete account of the battle as it was viewed from both sides of the fence, we decided to "follow up" our April "Wounded Knee Massacre" story with Paul High Back's account below.

THIS STORY was told by Paul High Back, a member of the Big Foot band of Minneconjou Sioux who grew up in the Cherry Creek area of the Cheyenne River Reservation and went down with Big Foot and his band in late December, 1890. It was told in the Sioux language on September 8, 1940, nearly fifty years after the event, to John B. Williamson at Pine Ridge, on the occasion of the Dakota Presbytery Meeting at that place that fall. It took nearly four hours, from 8:00 P.M. until nearly midnight, in the telling.

Paul had come to the Mission Meeting from the Poplar Indian Agency in Montana, where he was an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was a tall, slender man, with a slight stoop. He spoke only Sioux but very plainly and directly. He rolled up his sleeve and trouser leg to show Mr. Williamson the twisted scars of the bullet wounds he had received nearly a half century before. His story so impressed Mr. Williamson that he wrote it out in longhand the next morning while it was fresh and alive in his memory. Paul High Back at the time seemed to be in splendid health but within the following year he died.

MY FOLKS lived along Cherry Creek and were members of Big Foot's (Sitanka Os'Page) band. The Ghost Dance had been going on at Pine Ridge for some time. Messengers were sent from them to our reservation and also to the Standing Rock Reservation farther north to explain the dance and try to get others to join in the new religion.

"Quite a few became interested and started dancing, among them those at Sitting Bull's camp on the Grand River and those in the Cherry Creek band where I lived. After the fight in Sitting Bull's camp, during which he was killed, his followers became alarmed. They were afraid the soldiers would come and kill them all, so they scattered and most of them came south to our settlement on Cherry Creek. We did not know anything about the fight until they came; their coming made us all afraid and we concluded we had better go to Pine Ridge Reservation where the rest of the Ghost Dancers were congregating.

"We did not go with any idea of trying to fight the soldiers or to make any trouble. We went because we were afraid and did not want to be alone. We wanted to be together. So we left our homes and started for Pine Ridge. There was quite

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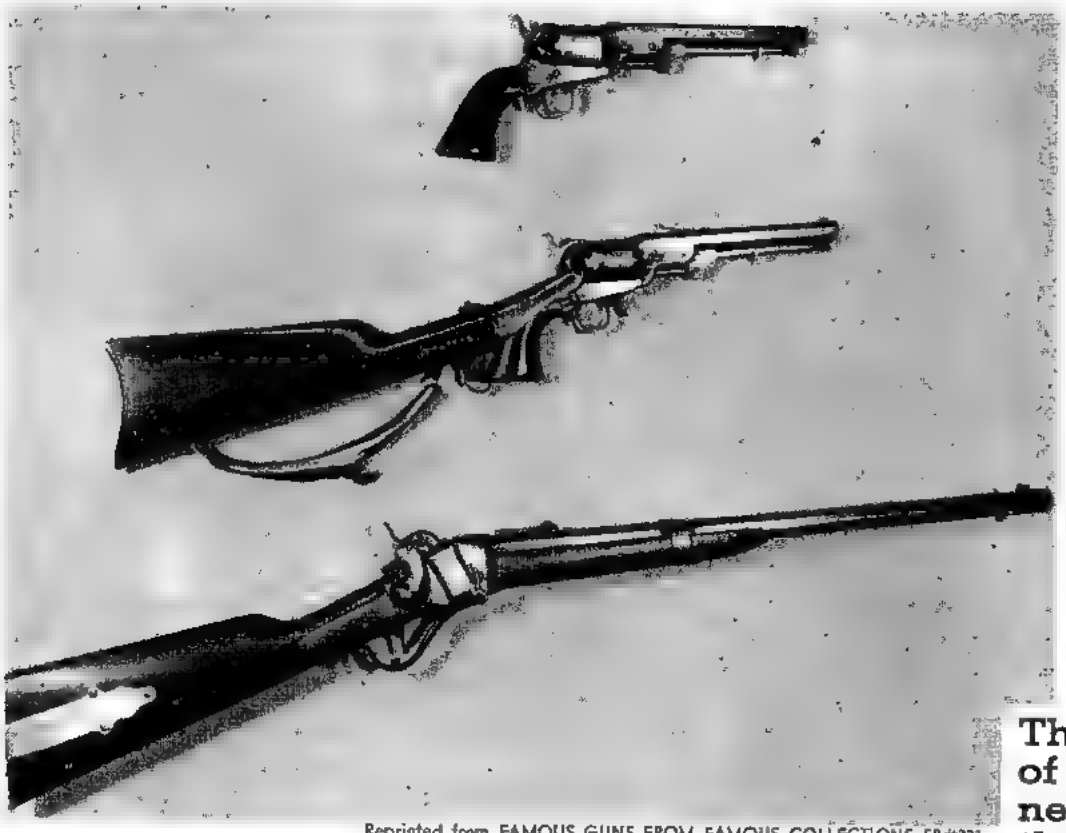

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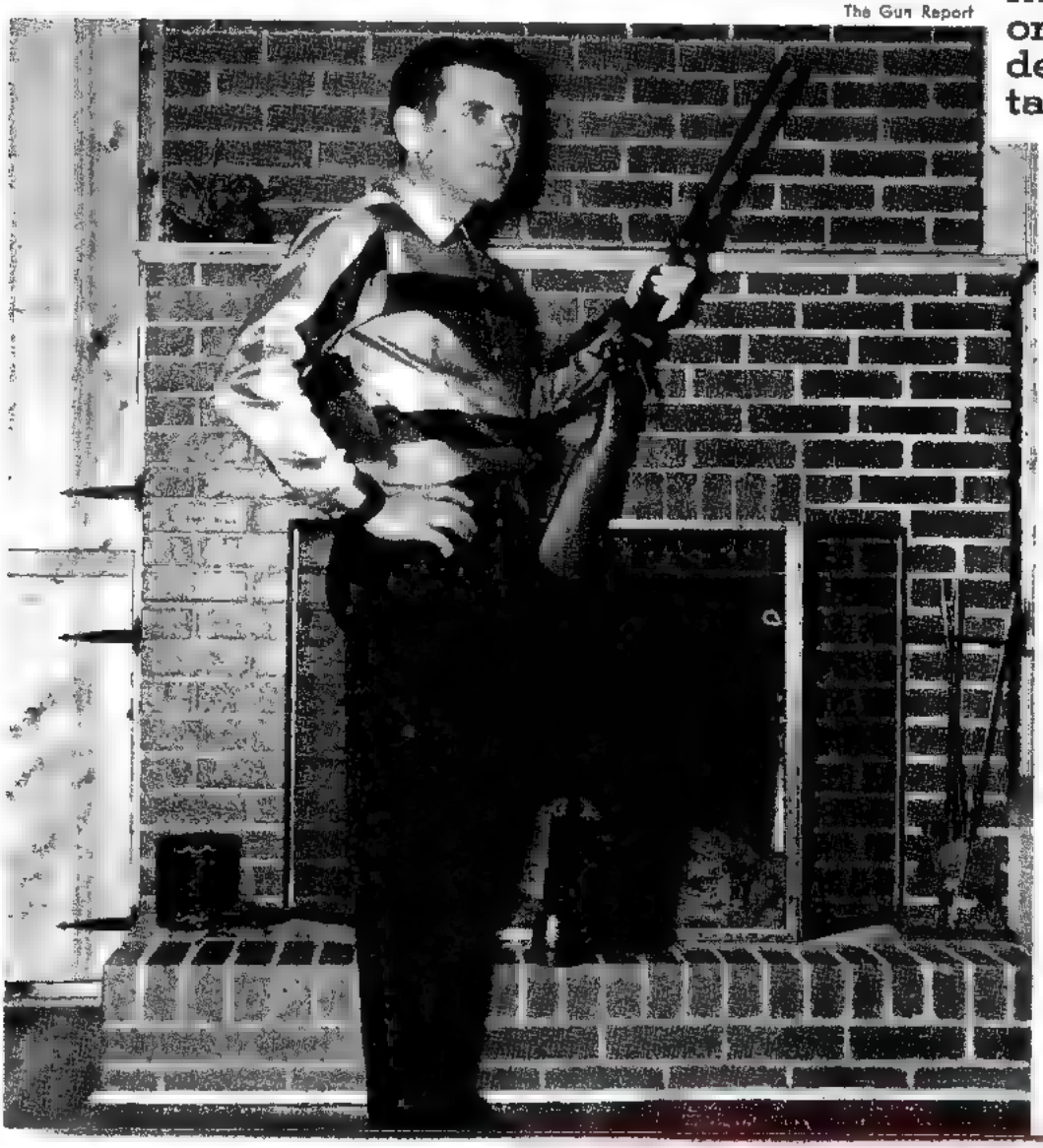
Above, the rifle at the bottom is a fine example of an early Sharps. Below, E. Duane Stone of Wichita, Kansas, displays his Sharps rifle.

The Gun Report



The stunning firepower of Christian Sharps' newest invention and the fact that cavalrymen could reload on the gallop made the Sharps rifle one of the most important developments in the taming of the frontier.

INWARDLY, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Edward J. Steptoe must have boiled as he plotted revenge against the northwest Indians who had so recently sent his troops limping home licking their wounds. He was scheming now with Colonel George Wright, also of the U. S. 9th Infantry. It was 1858—about two years after Steptoe had built the new frontier fort at Walla Walla, Washington Territory.

They read the letter again from John Owens, Special Indian Agent to the Flathead Indian Nation, Washington Territory. It was dated July 11 from Colville and directed to J. W. Nesmith, Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

> "Nothing but the war cry, day and night, from one end of valley to the other is heard. Indians painted like demons, with United States revolvers concealed under their blankets, meet you at every turn. Not until a very serious demonstration is made upon them will life and property be safe here. . . ."

The Indians who blocked the military's control of the Northwest region were composed in part of Spokanes, Coeur d'Alenes, Palouses, Yakimas, Nez Perce and some Flatheads. The Yakimas were especially "insolent," having murdered miners who attempted to operate in their territories. By trading or by capture, they had acquired Hudson's Bay muskets and other "trade" guns of the muzzle-loading type, which were capable of killing a man a hundred yards away. Other warriors were equally skilled with bow and arrow and ambushing tactics. They had a right to be confident. The white

This Old Sharps is owned by Bob Tedmon of Fort Collins, Colorado. The Gun Report

Sharpshooter!

By K. D. CURTIS

man's army was not much better equipped.

An old sergeant, describing their arms, wrote, "Troops C and E have musketoon muzzle-loaders—short 22-inch barrels with swivel ramrods and big-mouthed. Like a garrison soldier. And not much better. They load them with what they call 'buck and ball'. Cartridge case is paper-container; holds one large lead ball and three buckshot. Couldn't kill a rooster across the barnyard. . . ."

Besides the guns, officers and non-coms carried sabres. "Indians a mile away can tell how big the command is by the sound of the jingling," facetiously said another soldier. A few had pistols.

Buffalo hunters and other "pros" of the day used Springfields. Both soldier and hunter longed for a different rifle—one with more power and long-range precision.

After the close of the Mexican War, then a decade past, many U. S. soldiers had been put to work chasing Indians on the Rogue River and elsewhere.

The Dragoons were proud soldiers. Their name was derived from an ancient European short musket whose muzzle was shaped like a dragon's head. The crest on the helmet of these mounted troops of the Middle Ages also was a dragon. It had been tough for the American Dragoons to be defeated by a primitive wild man—especially since he had used the white man's own rifle.

But at last things looked brighter for Colonel Steptoe's men, thanks to an ingenious inventor who turned his talents to gun design and manufacture.

CHRISTIAN Sharps, a New Jerseyite who lived from 1811 to 1874, patented his invention for a falling breech block in 1848. In 1854 he withdrew from the Sharps Rifle Manufacturing Company in Hartford and moved to Philadelphia. Prior to 1852 Sharps guns were made in small quantities by different firms—such as the Massachusetts Arms Company and Robbins & Lawrence of Windsor, Vermont. His first guns are thought to have been made under contract by A. S. Nippes.

A year before Colonels Steptoe and Wright were scheming their revenge against Indians, Christian Sharps had joined with Nathan H. Bolles and Ira B. Eddy in erecting a factory to turn out Sharps breech-loading, self-priming pistols and Sharps rifles. (It was the same firm that in 1863 combined with the William C. Hankins rifle factory to form Sharps & Hankin, which subsequently moved to Philadelphia after the Civil War.)

The two Army commanders were plotting a walloping surprise for the Oregon frontier. Their gimmick was based on such Army correspondence as this letter from Isaacs I. Stevens, commander of a western outpost: "The Sharps rifles issued for the service of the exploration under my charge proved excellent and reliable arms. They can be used on horseback at full speed. The limited number in our hands served to increase our numbers. . . ."

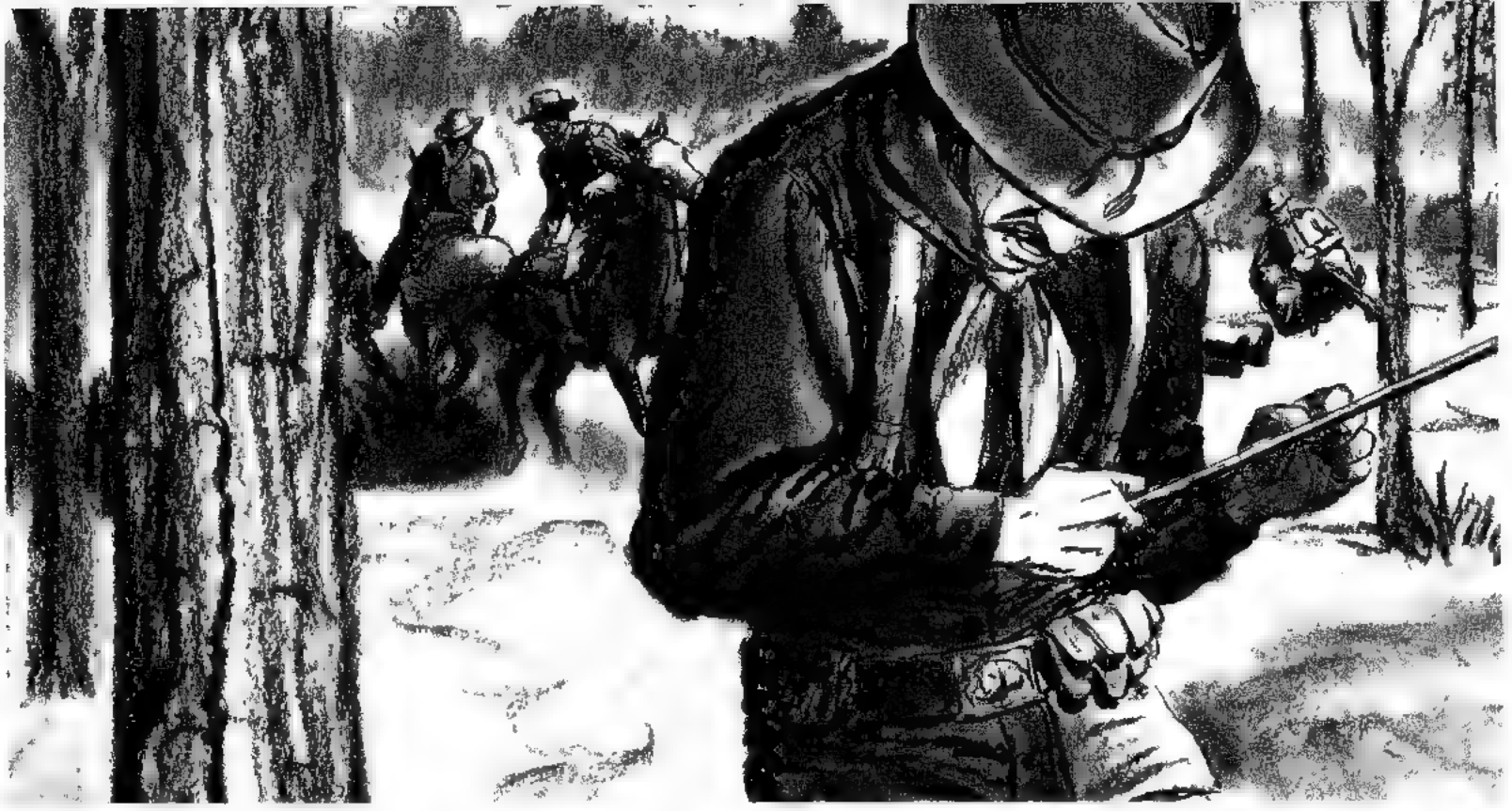
And this report came from the Chief of Ordnance at West Point, Colonel H. K. Craig, on July 17, 1858: "In February, 1853, Sharps carbines were issued to the Dragoons as experimental arms, and subsequently these arms have been supplied to the Second Regiment of the Dragoons and sent forward to the First Regiment. Those for California were shipped in January and February last. Recently, by direction of the Secretary of War, Colt's pistol-carbine (being pistols with stocks to be attached or removed at pleasure) were issued for five companies of the Second Dragoons, on a requisition of Brevet Colonel May. . . ."

As early as 1850, an Army Board at the Washington Arsenal had recommended full field trials for Sharps rifles.

When Colonel George Wright took the 570 regulars of the 9th Infantry out on the punitive expedition he had mapped with Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Steptoe, the First Dragoons carried the new Sharps breech-loading carbines, plus sabres. Infantry companies and "foot soldiers" (this possibly included thirty-nine Nez Percé Indian scouts) carried new Springfield .58 calibre, long-range rifles. These shot the Minie ball—a hollow-based bullet packed with a "powder cup" more capable of killing a man at a longer distance than most rifles. The 3rd Artillery Company towed two mountain howitzers. The few sidearms were probably Colt's .44 calibre, two-and-a-half pound Army revolver.

Supporting the soldiers were 100 civilians and 800 animals, with supplies for some thirty-eight days. It was a dangerous autumn—the grass was dry enough to be "fired" by the canny Indians, and not green enough to sustain animals without supplementary food.

(Continued on page 62)



Lonesome Charley

By WILL PRICE

Illustrated by Dave Kinney

Soft-spoken Charley Reynolds was one of the Army's finest scouts. He could have remained behind when Custer lit out for the Little Big Horn, but this was the one campaign he wasn't going to miss!

"CHARLEY," Grant Marsh said, "you know you don't have to go. It's going to be a damn hard march down the Rosebud and you couldn't do much fighting anyway with that bad hand of yours. Mitch Bouyer's going along and they'll make it all right."

"I'd sure stay, Captain," was the soft reply, "but I've been getting ready for this campaign for two years and I'd rather be dead than miss it."

Charley Reynolds went along on that campaign he had been waiting for, all right, but he didn't make it back because the year was 1876 and the man he was scouting for was George Armstrong Custer.

Every age has its men who were born either too late or too soon. Charley Reynolds was one of those who were born too late. He was born to be a mountain man, born to ride the plains and climb the mountains in the advance of civilization before other men came to them. He belonged to that race of giants who trapped the beaver and fought the Sioux with flintlocks and muzzle-loaders. He wasn't meant to come along afterward to mop up after other men, to clean up an already defeated Indian nation and help finish off the once numberless buffalo herds.

He was born to ride with the likes of Jim Bridger and Kit Carson and Jim Beckworth. The men who came later, Custer and the others, were strong men and brave, all right, but it wasn't the same. They didn't get there *first*. For that was what Charley Reynolds was born to do—get there first. He never did, but he made an awfully good try.

CHARLEY was in his early thirties in 1876. He was born in Illinois and sometime after his mother died, he went with his father and brothers to Atchison County, Kansas. In 1859, Charley hitched a ride with an emigrant train heading west. He wound up at Fort Kearney, Nebraska, about as far west as civilization dared poke its nose at that time. There he met an old trapper named Green who invited him to go along on a trapping expedition.

Fifteen-year-old Charley jumped at the chance and followed Green up and down the Platte and into Colorado, hunting and trapping and learning things that would come in very handy in later years. They got as far as Middle Park, Colorado, where Green discovered the body of an Indian woman on a tree scaffold. He pulled it down and set his traps around it, using the corpse for wolf bait. This was too much for Charley; when they made it back to civilized country, he dissolved the partnership.

He went back to Kansas at the start of the Civil War and joined a Kansas regiment, serving mainly as a scout. After the war he returned home, but he had the taste of the West in his blood. The old instinct of the mountain man was beginning to show itself.

First he teamed up with a fellow named Walmsey on a trading trip to southwestern Kansas. They were jumped by Indians and Walmsey was killed. Charley fled to a wolfer's dugout and held them off until dark when he managed to escape. He wintered in Santa Fe that year.

During the next few years, Charley, now back North, spent his time hunting and scouting for the army in western Kansas and Colorado. He often worked with another scout, a man named Cody. Buffalo Bill, many years later, ranked Charley among the best as a hunter and scout. He said Charley "was a fine man, unassuming, gentle, and brave to a fault."

Many men ranked Charley as one of the best scouts ever seen on the frontier. He was Custer's chief of scouts for nearly three years. Before that he was a buffalo hunter, trader, trapper and meat hunter for the army.

Charley Reynolds was a loner—probably more so than any other man of his time. He much preferred his own company to that of others and was rather withdrawn and hard to make friends

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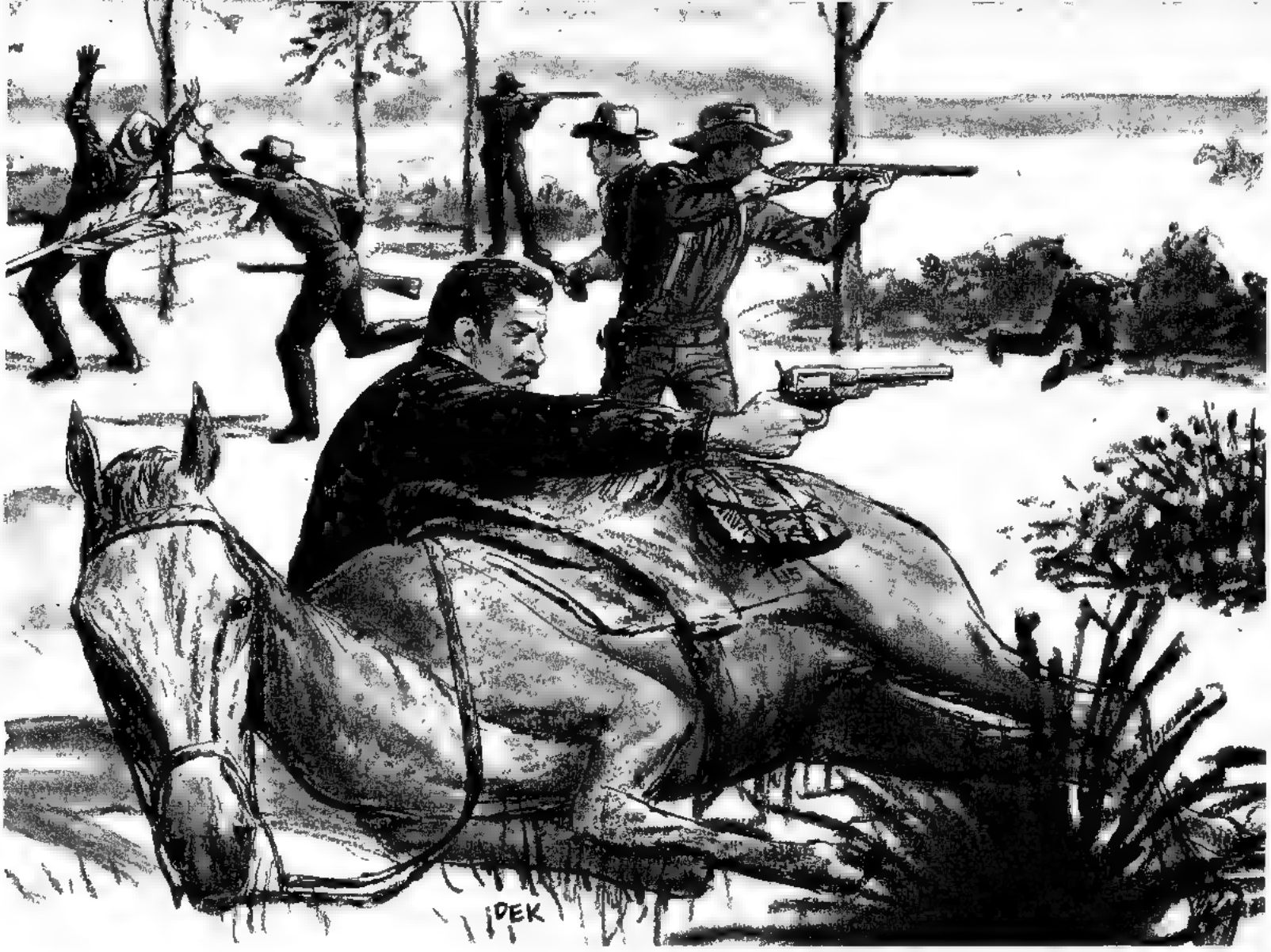


with. But once he was your friend, he was your friend for life.

George Bird Grinnell, the famous ethnologist and writer who knew Charley in 1874-5, wrote, "His quiet, self-contained manner, his gentleness, his bravery, and his wonderful knowledge of all that pertained to the hunting and war of his day, made Charley Reynolds a man to be remarked by all who came in contact with him. He was emphatically a gentle man, a brave soldier, a true friend."

The next few years, the early '70s, Charley supplied the army posts along the Dakota Missouri with meat—it seemed to him that there was a new one every year—and his prowess as a hunter spread over the frontier. Before long, "Reynold's luck" was as far-famed as "Custer's luck." White men recognized that it was his skill in tracking and shooting that brought such good results, but the superstitious Gros Ventres at Fort Berthold Agency considered it something else.

That winter the ground was thickly blanketed with snow and the Gros Ventres found it difficult to get enough meat to ward off hunger. Charley, hunting with a young Arikara half-breed, Peter Beauchamp, found a herd of eight elk near the Little Missouri and bagged them all.

He dressed them out, loaded them on his wagon, and went back to the Agency. When he arrived, the Gros Ventres, not often in a joyful mood anyway, gathered around his wagon as he went inside the trading post, muttering to each other about how one man could have such good fortune and a white man at that! Then young Beauchamp saw a chance to have some fun.

SAY, boys," he said, "The-Man-Who-Never-Goes-Out-For-Nothing has a medicine bottle." The Gros Ventres flocked to him. "He found the elk trail and he took out a little black bottle from a secret pocket and sprinkled something on the trail. Then we sat down and waited and the elk came back on their trail and he shot them." Then Beauchamp stepped back to watch the fun.

Nearly fifty Indians gathered around the door to the trading post and called for Charley to come outside. He did, still carrying his rifle, and asked what they wanted. They demanded that he give them his medicine bottle for they were starving and they said if he didn't give it to them they would kill him. Beauchamp, his smile gone, beat a hasty path around the corner.

Charley said that he didn't have any medicine bottle and didn't know what they were talking about. Two of them stepped up to his horses, still in harness, and pulled out their knives and threatened to do a little damage if he didn't hand it over. Charley raised his rifle to his hip and said, "The first one of you that touches one of my horses is dead." He swung his rifle across the others and added, "That goes for all of you." The Gros Ventres pulled back fast and slunk away. Some of them vowed to avenge themselves on this terrible hunter.

Charley called to the Arikaras standing nearby who had taken no part in the trouble and gave them some of the meat. The rest of the elk had to go to the soldiers, whether Charley liked it or not.

He scouted for the army during the summer expeditions and, in 1873, was employed to scout for the Stanley Expedition up the Yellowstone River.

That survey not only showed the Northern Pacific where they could best build their railroad, it brought together three men who were to die before the N.P. could build its railroad—Charley Reynolds; Bloody Knife, a young Arikara scout; and George Custer, lieutenant colonel commanding the Seventh Cavalry, which was escorting the surveying party.

Custer and Charley became close friends and often rode together far ahead of the main column. There were a few brushes with Indians but the one im-

(Continued on page 60)

Fig Tree John

The chief of the Aqua Dulce clan was living in a crude jacal on the shore of Salton Sea when the first Spanish settlers came to the Colorado desert. He was still there in 1927—a legendary figure beloved by all who knew him.

By HARRY C. JAMES

FIG TREE JOHN, a Cahuilla Indian, was living on the shores of the Salton Sea when Americans first came to California, and he was there until 1927 when he died of influenza. He was 137 years old by his own calculations. That he actually was somewhere well over a hundred, has been pretty well established by historians.

Although he became a tourist attraction, Fig Tree John resented the inroads of the white man until the day he died, regarding those who came to photograph him as trespassers upon his tribal hunting grounds. During the latter years of his life he was the most photographed Indian in southern California.

Fig Tree was a Cahuilla Indian, a member of the clan commonly known as the Agua Dulces, the native name of which was *Wantcisakak Tamianawitcem.*

Fig Tree, himself, preferred to be known by the Spanish name of Juanita Razón, and he insisted that it was Juanita and not Juanito. Early survey parties into Coachella Valley found Fig Tree and his family living in an arrowweed jacal-type house at a spring near the Salton Sea. In some way he had obtained cuttings of the black California Mission fig and had planted them around the spring, where they grew well. These fig trees and his Spanish first name, Juanita, were responsible for his being dubbed, "Fig Tree John."

Fig Tree's son, known to the whites of the region as Johnny Mack and sometimes as Young Fig Tree John, claimed that his father had been born near the spring which came to bear his name. Although the Southern Pacific Railroad had been granted ownership of the section of land where Fig Tree lived, it never questioned his right to occupy it. In fact, when the Colorado River was brought through in 1905 to re-flood the Salton Sea, the railroad let Fig Tree reap a financial harvest by salvaging ties from the flooded railroad and selling them to the ranchers around Mecca, who badly needed good fence posts.

As more and more people came into Coachella Valley, Fig Tree began to fear that he might lose his land. Armed with an ancient Winchester, which had lost some of the parts essential to its ever actually being fired, the old man assumed a most belligerent attitude and ordered all trespassers off his property. On account of this, he was rated a pretty tough character.

However, those who knew him best did not feel this way about him. Cornelia B. White of Palm Springs once made a long desert trip with him and found him to be a most trustworthy individual, as well as an excellent guide. There are many stories, too, of his kindness on occasions to both whites and Indians who staggered into his oasis, suffering from thirst and other discomforts which even today can be incident to desert travel.

Most of the white settlers around Mecca were fond of the old man. When he could no longer make hunting trips into the Santa Rosa Mountains or secure adequate food from desert plants or from his own garden, they were more than generous in trading with him. For the melons, figs, etc., which he grew with considerable success they made liberal exchange in the form of flour, sugar, and coffee. They shared his pride in the early-ripening figs which for a long time brought him financial return.

Desert Magazine

Fig Tree John and his wife in their buggy.

FIG TREE always had a string of horses and was a shrewd horse trader. With the proceeds realized from the sale of a horse to some passing prospector, he and his wife rode horseback to the general store at Mecca. There he made his purchases carefully, item by item, and not infrequently he paid for them with native gold dust or small nuggets. This gave rise to the belief that he had a secret gold mine in the Santa Rosas. Even today an occasional

(Continued on page 49)

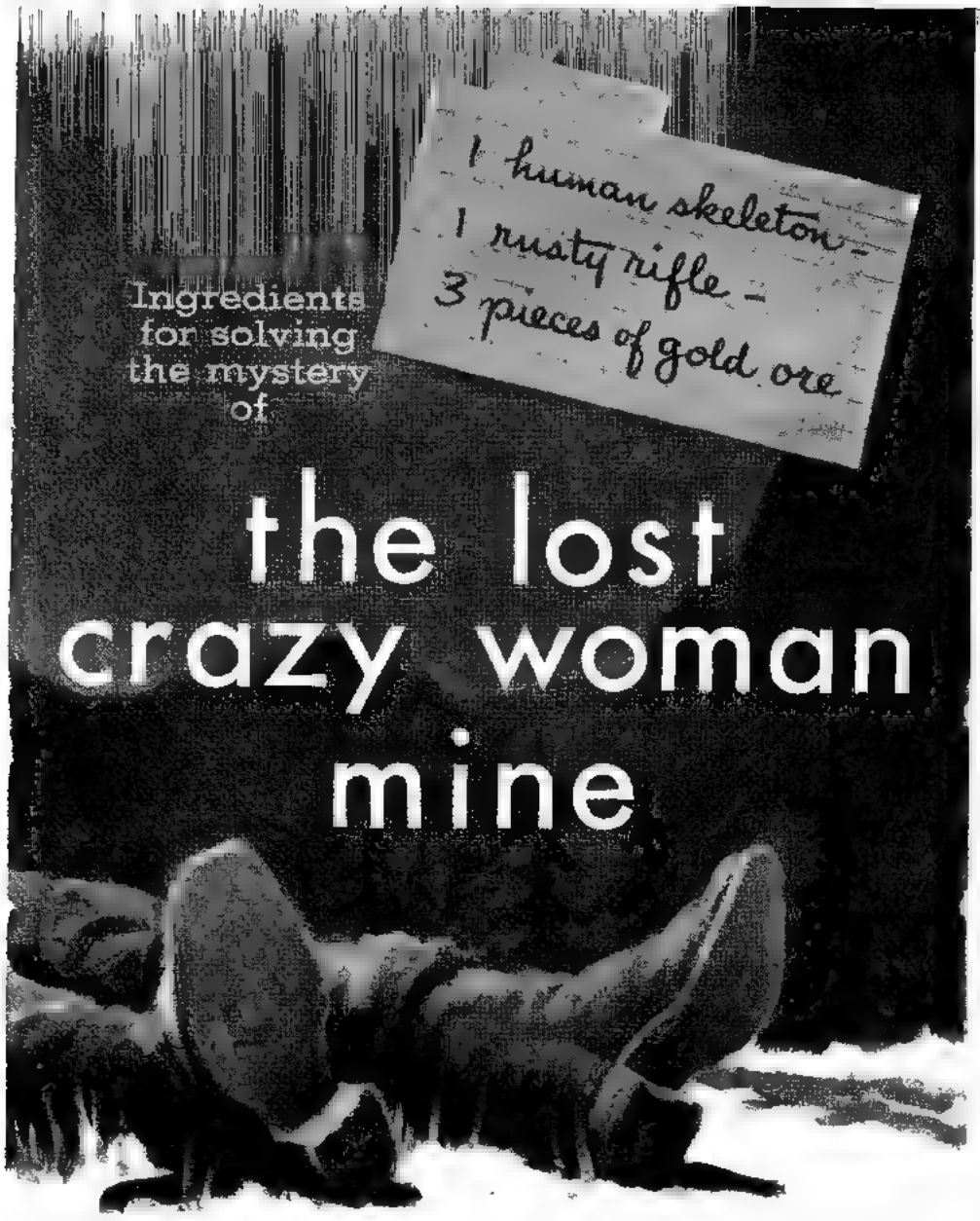
LICENSED TO JNZ ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By WILLIAM B. FORBES

FOR 100 years the Crazy Woman Mine of Colorado has been lost and it may stay lost for another 100 unless George C. Fallon, a Denver insurance man, makes good his threat to find it this summer. Now sixty-two, Fallon believes he has a few good years left, but he doesn't want to end them as quickly as his father did, so this will be his last trip into the Colorado wilderness. This time he should come closer to finding what he is after for from eleven previous attempts, he has gathered sufficient knowledge of the country to help him him pinpoint this lost ledge.

Fallon's father, William C., spent twenty-three years looking for the mine but his last expedition ended in 1926 when he was stricken with a heart attack while in the field. He died in 1931.

Publisher Joe Austell Small of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES sent me to Colorado to get the facts about the lost Crazy Woman. In all of my newspaper experience back over the years I have never enjoyed any assignment quite so much. I left my home with tongue in cheek, firmly convinced that I would accomplish nothing, for I have



the lost crazy woman mine

"That night as he lay asleep, she crawled to his rifle."

always been under the impression that lost mine stories are a dollar a carload.

I am happy to say, however, that not all of them are just tall tales. This one undoubtedly is authentic. The discovery of a rich gold ledge was made, and to this very day it's lying covered up somewhere in an area of perhaps 300 to 400 square miles. It may never again be found, except by accident—the way it was found originally. Sheep Mountain in southern Gunnison County is the starting point.

Why this rich find has not been rediscovered in the 100 years that have passed since Ira Tucker's pick struck gold is understandable when you learn the story. Besides being in a vast country, the only person who could have gone back to it was the woman whose fear of the mountains and wilderness rendered her incapable of remembering the way back. She was not only confused but half-insane over having had to kill a man—her own husband—because her life had been threatened.

To tell the story properly we must go back to the beginning—early May of 1859.

GEORGE Cyre and his wife Dora, from Independence, Missouri, were living in Gregory Gulch (now Central City) where he was employed as a printer on the *Gold Reporter*, a weekly newspaper. Cyre was about thirty years old, his wife twenty-two. The *Gold Reporter* fared badly and its hand press was moved in early 1860 to Golden to print the *Western Mountaineer*. Cyre and his wife went along.

Cyre was a drinking man and one night he was knifed to death in a saloon row.

The widow waited only a month before taking another husband, a forty-year-old jackass prospector who sweet-talked her into accompanying him to a mining claim he had staked out far back in the mountains. He was running a drift in the hope of cutting an ore vein, signs of which he had found on the surface.

Dora Tucker soon discovered that she had made an unpromising marriage. Her new husband had a bad temper and when they were alone together in the mountains where she had no one to turn to, she was practically his slave. The first time he struck her during a quarrel, she threatened to leave him.

"Just try leaving me and see how far you get!" he replied. "You wouldn't get out of these mountains alive." He had bragged that he had many friends among the Ute Indians and that they were subject to his beck and call. The inference was, apparently, that the Indians would waylay her should she attempt to leave, an arrangement he said he had made with one of the chiefs he knew.

Cowed temporarily, Mrs. Tucker continued to live under conditions that few women could have endured.

And then Tucker made his big strike. He came in from the tunnel late one afternoon bearing pieces of quartz shot full of gold. "I've struck the vein!" he cried happily. "Now we're rich, Dora. We'll go places and see the world!" He told her that the strike he had made was one of the richest in Colorado. The ore, he estimated, would run $3,000 to the short ton or better.

But there were problems. To extract the gold from the ore, it would have to be processed in a stamp mill, and there wasn't a stamp mill or smelter within 200 miles. To get the ore out of the mountains over very rough terrain would be impossible except on mule back. A wagon road would be needed, costing many thousands of dollars. While it would be sensible to take the ore out with mules and realize a huge profit from the venture, a wagon road would speed up operations. Tucker had in mind a company in Denver which bought up promising mining properties for cash. He thought that if he developed the strike by driving the tunnel deeper to expose more of the ore, he would get a better price for it.

"I will work on it this summer and then in the fall I will go to Denver and make arrangements for a representative to come and look at it," he told his unhappy bride. He did not want to announce the strike immediately for fear that it would cause a stampede. The ore was so rich that Mrs. Tucker had difficulty lifting half a flour sack full of the rock.

The ledge was remote from the lanes of travel and the possibility of anyone's stumbling upon it, Tucker said, was unlikely.

Tucker told her he had accidentally come upon the outcroppings of the ledge while looking for a horse that had strayed. He termed it blind luck.

Mrs. Tucker liked the thought of becoming rich but the privation, the hard living and the loneliness of the mountains, coupled with Tucker's mean streak, got her down. She began to think of leaving him, gold or no gold, but always she faced the same problem. Brought up in the city, she was confused and frightened by the rough country. She would never be able to find her way out. And then there were the Indians.

Their relationship worsened until she could not stand living with him any longer. She decided to make a break for it.

Saddling one of the two horses one morning after Tucker had gone to his tunnel for the day, she stuffed a flour sack with provisions and set out, traveling toward the rising sun.

Her horse threw a shoe before the day was over and she was in trouble. The animal went lame; that evening she camped at a water hole and released the animal to graze, thinking it would not stray far from camp. The next morning

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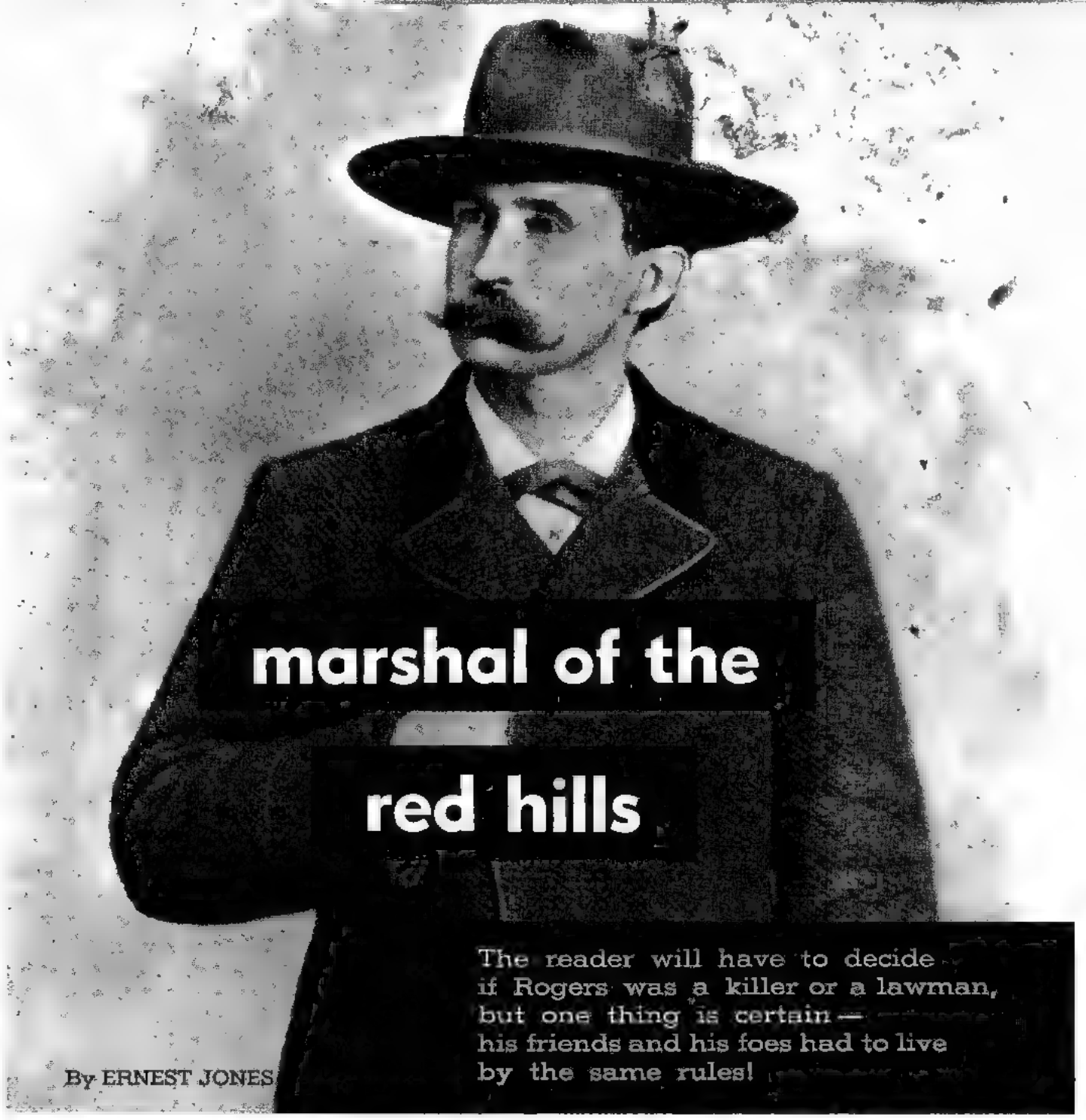


marshal of the red hills

The reader will have to decide if Rogers was a killer or a lawman, but one thing is certain — his friends and his foes had to live by the same rules!

By ERNEST JONES

THE LITTLE man whose picture dominates the walls of the Palestine, Texas, police station died with his boots on seventy years ago, but his name and reputation for fearless law enforcement still lives in the red hills. During fourteen hectic years as town marshal, Christopher Columbus Rogers killed many men, most of them in self-defense.

I first heard about Chris Rogers when, as a small boy, I heard my mother relate, from intimate knowledge, how he tracked down night riders who had perpetrated a gory crime.

The son of "Uncle Billy" Rogers, Anderson County's third sheriff, was born on a farm, attended school in Palestine and, at the age of fifteen, joined the Confederate Army. His first police duty was guarding Yankee prisoners of war at Tyler, Texas.

The first man Chris killed was the carpetbagger town marshal of Palestine when Negro troops were attempting to rule the town under martial law, following the death of Abraham Lincoln. Chris was a typesetter then for his brother-in-law, Colonel James W. Ewing, on *The Trinity Advocate* in Palestine.

Dan Cary, the marshal, had insulted the boy printer, who had licked John H. Morrison, a big wheel in the ruling political clique, in a fist-fight.

About that time, the conquered South discovered the magic of bedsheets and pillow slips. When Negroes traipsed out to a gun factory at Mound Prairie, north of Palestine, for rendezvous with their self-appointed advisers from the North, they were frightened by ghostly riders in white robes carrying torches, who dashed out of the pine forest on panting steeds.

At their print shop, Colonel Ewing and his help kept to their news-knitting, but Marshal Cary, mindful that young Rogers had become a hero in the eyes of the native whites by beating Morrison, set out to make an example of the youth.

When they met on the street, Cary again barked insults, but this time Chris did not turn away, as he had before. Facing the marshal, he returned the insults, and his gray eyes held the big man until Dan Cary's hand clutched for his gun. Too late! Cary slumped to the boardwalk in a welter of his own blood.

With amazing coolness, while a crowd gathered, boyish Chris thrust a smoking weapon back in its armpit holster and walked away. The reign of the carpetbaggers in Anderson County, Texas, had ended.

Friends prevailed on Rogers to leave town until the trouble could blow over,

fearing Yankee reprisals. Chris found asylum in Tyler, where he opened a saloon. He cultivated drooping mustachios, courtly manners and the wardrobe of a dandy.

Mose Remington, a business rival, thought the young dandy was a fop, and undertook to pull him down a buttonhole or two. The result was that Remington was shot to death. When a Smith County jury heard the evidence, it acquitted Rogers of murder on grounds of self-defense.

PALESTINE became a roaring railhead boom town with the coming of the International & Great Northern Railroad. When Chris returned home in 1873, he found the red clay stained with blood. Saloons, bawdy houses and gambling rooms seethed with jostling, bearded immigrants attempting to prove they were as tough as Texas.

No one except Chris Rogers wanted the job of taming "Texas' toughest town." He was elected city marshal in the 1874 Spring election, and immediately set out to "cure or kill" lawlessness.

The new marshal's medicine soon spread his fame. Those with reputations as gunslicks came from all quarters to meet this cool-eyed little lawman.

A shrewd judge of men by instinct, Chris could tell at a glance whether a troublesome character had to be killed. During that period, he waited for an adversary to draw first. It was a dangerous practice, but he never lost a gunfight.

Night riders, who had waged an inspired crusade against oppression, unfortunately did not cease riding when carpetbaggers fled. Some secret groups degenerated into lawlessness and succumbed to the leadership of violent men who hated all authority.

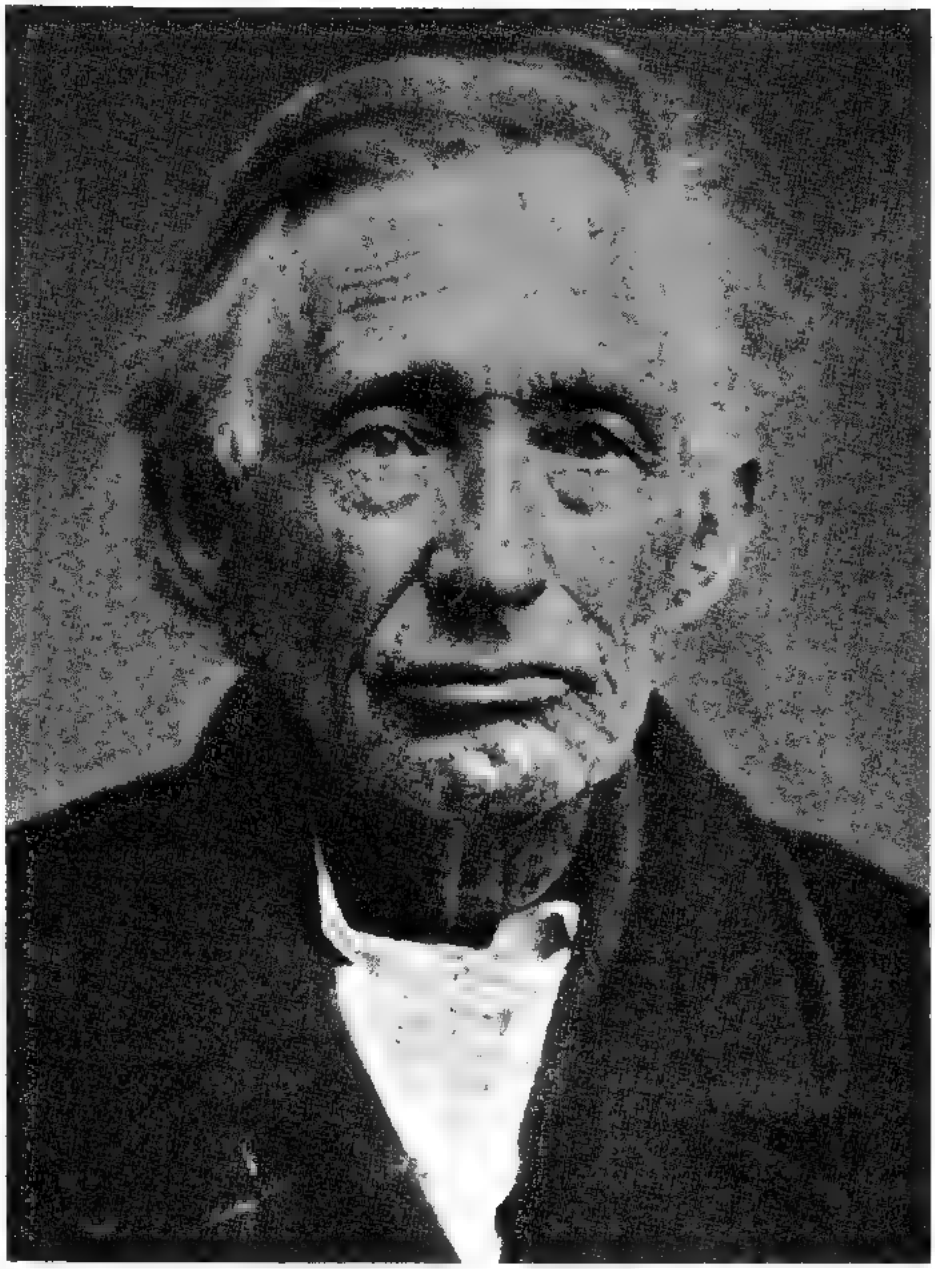
Such a group murdered Dr. R. P. Grayson and his wife in their home near the old Ioni Indian village site on the night of April 23, 1878. Dr. Grayson, a physician, had come from the North to serve settlers in the pine-clad sand hills of southeastern Anderson County. While he cared for the sick, his capable wife, with the help of Negro retainers, operated a store, a grist mill and a cotton gin on a small stream near their home. It was a lucrative family partnership.

Late at night, a voice called to Doctor Grayson from the sandy public road. A woman in a camp up the road suddenly had been stricken ill. Would the doctor come?

Grayson shouted to his stable boy, "Saddle my horse." Dressing hurriedly, the doctor found his saddle-bags and stepped out the front door. A fusillade from a half-dozen weapons sent more than fifty buckshot slugs tearing through his body. Grayson fell dead on the step.

The assassins stepped over his body and shot Mrs. Grayson to death in her bed. The Grayson baby, sleeping in its wooden crib, and a little boy, who hid under a bed, escaped harm. The boy lived to tell his story from a witness stand.

The young Negro stable boy escaped on the doctor's fine horse and rode straight to Palestine to tell Marshal Chris Rogers. At dawn, when a small group of farmers, shocked to silence by what they found, gathered at the scene of the crime, Rogers was there. None questioned his leadership of the investigation.



W. R. (Billy) Rogers, third sheriff of Anderson County and father of Chris Rogers.

Chris deputized men he knew could be trusted, and set one deputy on each of five trails leading away from the spot where the night riders had parted.

"One man in that band of killers is a coward," Chris said. "See that tree in front of the house? Well, when the others fired the volley that laid Dr. Grayson low, this coward blasted a hole in the trunk of that tree. And his tracks faltered. He'd walk first on one side, then on the other of his group. I'm going after that coward. When I find him, he'll turn state's evidence."

The little marshal did not rest until he had tracked down his man until, indeed, seven men had been arrested. And, as Chris had predicted, when the seven were arraigned before Justice of the Peace J. R. Palmer in Palestine, one of their number—who said he had fired into the tree trunk in a desperate effort to avoid participation in the murders—turned state's evidence.

Roland Rucker, a handsome and cynical young man, was the leader of the killers. He was condemned to be hanged, and others of the group received stiff sentences. Rucker boasted he would never be executed.

At dawn on the day set for the hanging, the special guard on duty outside Rucker's cell in the Anderson County jail awakened Roland, who asked that he be allowed to nap ten minutes more. The guard agreed, but when he looked in again, Roland was bleeding to death from slashed wrists. He died soon after a doctor arrived, and thus made good his boast that he would cheat the gallows.

CHRISTOPHER Columbus Rogers gained fame and enemies for his role in solving the Grayson murders. Subsequent events fanned animosities against Chris.

Only the marshal witnessed the killing of William Quisenberry. Rogers swore he was waylaid and attacked with a knife, and that he shot Quisenberry during the struggle.

Chris slept in a room at the home of

(Continued on page 64)

I've busted broncos and men's faces, and fought just about everything and anything that wanted to fight, but the closest I ever came to losing was in my . . .

Author's Note: I started riding the range in 1888 and rode for eleven years until a horse busted me so bad I couldn't ride again. I lived in the Old West as a boy and saw a lot happen. Then, long after the West was supposed to be "civilized," I ran into a situation where my experience (especially the knowledge of my adopted language, Chinook) probably saved my skin. Although the following events took place in comparatively modern times (forty years ago), Indian Jake and his women gave me as hard a time as I've had in my whole eighty-four years.

I HAD been in charge of criminal work for Gray's Harbor County, Washington, for several years, when at four o'clock one morning, the harsh clatter of the telephone bell near my bed jarred me awake. A voice at the other end of the line inquired, "Is that you, Tom?"

"Yeah," I assured him, a bit annoyed by being called at that unseemly hour.

"Tom, this is Dick and Al." (They were two of the sheriff's pet bootleggers.) "We've just found a corpse down here and we're sure it's murder. If you can come right away, we'll wait for you at the Clam Shell Cafe in Copalis, and show you where the body is."

I jumped out of bed and dressed in a hurry. It was raining hard, so I put on hip-boots, raincoat and sou'wester, and was quickly on my way over the thirty-six miles that led through the little logging town of Hoquiam, up the Hoquiam River, then west through the heavy timber to Copalis Beach.

A settlement of clam diggers had located at Copalis Beach, and among the shacks was the Clam Shell Cafe, a little restaurant that kept open nights to accommodate the clam diggers, pile pirates, beachcombers and moonshiners that frequented the country. Arriving in Copalis, I drove straight to the cafe to meet Dick and Al.

They explained that in making an early delivery they had spotted a body floating face down in a swamp located in the timber down the beach three miles from Copalis. They had passed the spot the morning before, and were sure there had been no body there at that time. We went down the beach to a point where a faint trail led off through the woods.

Following this trail, we traveled over fallen logs, under heavy wet ferns, through small swamps and clumps of scrub timber to emerge at last on the shore of a swampy lake. There the boys pointed out the body floating a short distance from shore. Tying a weight to a rope, I was able to toss it over and draw the body to shore.

The corpse proved to be that of an Indian boy about twenty years old, probably from the Indian village of Tahola located at the mouth of the Quinalt River in the Indian reservation. Upon examining the body, we found the back of the head crushed in. Wires attached to the neck and feet indicated weights had been attached to keep the body submerged, but they had slipped off allowing the corpse to float. Tying the body to a bush along the bank, we returned to the restaurant.

It was then seven o'clock, time for the Indian Agent at Hoquiam to be awake. I explained the case to him and asked that he bring the coronor and take over. (All Indians living on a reservation are wards of the Government and out of the jurisdiction of a county officer.)

I wanted to be of any assistance I could, so I took my car and drove up to Tahola. Two young Indians there volunteered to go back with me and identify the body. It proved to be that of Walter Cowetz, a boy nineteen years of age who lived with his parents at Tahola, but who had been absent for over two weeks. The Indians claimed to know nothing of what might have happened to Cowetz. Unable to proceed further with the case, I took the Indians home and returned to my office in Montesano. A couple of days later two men came to my home and introduced themselves as Federal officers from Seattle who had come to work on the Cowetz case.

They spent several hours with me, taking in all the information I could give them. They decided to dress in old work clothes and move in on Copalis, working as clam diggers. With shovels, tent, stove and other equipment they stayed on the beach for three weeks. They didn't learn much, for the inhabitants suspected they were Federals and hid out all the time they were there.

TWO MONTHS later, the men again came to my place and spent the evening. They were on their way back to Seattle, having been called from the Cowetz case. They wanted me to take over the job, deputizing me as a U.S. marshal. In their two months working on the case they had discovered nothing of value from the Indians. One thing they told me, however, was quite interesting. Three miles below Copalis they found an old man shacked up. He claimed to be a clam digger, but the officers suspected that he was a whiskey peddler as well. He told them that some time previous to the discovery of the corpse, Cowetz had come to his place accompanied by a big Negro named Jake. They were pretty drunk, and were quarreling when they left at midnight.

The officers had learned that Jake was a renegade from Texas, half-Negro and half-Apache. He had married one of the Tahola squaws in order to obtain the

Battle with the Squaws

By TOM GIEZENTANER

Illustrated by Keith Avery

eighty acres of timber that each of the Indians had been allotted by the Government. Jake was a very bad *hombre* and bragged of killing three Mexicans, two Indians, and a white man. He had the Indians all afraid of him, and they wouldn't talk.

The men felt sure Jake was on the reservation some place, but could get no information, so wanted me to see what I could do. I told them I would do what I could. At this time there lived in Tahola a boy named George Shoalwater. I had kept George from going to the pen at one time. He was paroled in my care, and had to report to me each month. His parents were grateful to me, and I felt I could depend on them for any truthful information they might have.

Going to Tahola the following Sunday morning, I picked up George and had a little talk. From him I learned that the Indians all thought Jake had done way with Cowetz. All were afraid to say anything for fear Jake would kill them too. Jake was now living with two squaws in a float-house up on the north end of Quinault Lake in the Olympic Mountains. George was sure he'd lose his life if Jake found out he had told me anything.

Knowing I could get no further information from any of the younger Indians, I asked George to give the names of some of the older Indians—the old *Lam-e-eyes* (grandparents) of the village. He directed me to an aged couple living apart from the others in a little shack made of driftwood at the edge of town.

Going to the place indicated, I saw a very old man sitting on a blanket in the sun, just outside the door. Approaching him, I said "Good morning, friend." His old eyes flickered up at me, but he made no reply and went on smoking. Smiling at him, I asked, *"Tats-myma six-too, mika hay-loo tickey waw-waw kopa nika?"* (Good morning, friend, don't you want to talk to me?)

At that, the old man looked up in glad surprise and holding out his hand he said, *"Oly-hi-yum six-too kah mika cum-tux ok-kok sku-kum chi-nook waw-waw?"* (Hello, friend, where did you learn to talk my language so well?)

He moved over and made room for me on the blanket. I sat down beside him. We talked about his childhood and mine, and about the time when everyone in the North spoke Chinook. After talking for some time, I felt I had his confidence and suddenly asked, *"Klax-tah mika tum-tum kopa ok-kok po-lik-leah man Jake?"* (What do you think of that black man, Jake?)

His eyes fell for a moment, then looking up, he said, *"Cul-tus, Cul-tus."* (Bad, bad.) He then told me that all the Indians knew that Jake and Cowetz had gone down the beach together, and Cowetz had never come back. They had been drinking, and all the Indians felt sure Jake had killed the boy. They feared the big half-breed so much, they wouldn't talk. Promising the old fellow I would come and visit him again soon, I said goodbye and went home.

SOON after that I made a trip to Lake Quinault and stopped at the little inn at the foot of the lake for information. I asked the clerk, an educated Indian, where Jake lived and how to get there. He told me Jake lived in a float-house about five miles above there on the east side of the lake. The only way to get there without a canoe was to go by way of an old logging road along the shore. While talking to the clerk, I noticed one of the Indian guides who hung around the inn, walk down to the lake and step into his canoe. He took off up the lake in a tearing hurry, but I thought nothing of it at the time and started for the logging road.

I was an hour reaching a point where I was opposite a large float-house I took to be Jake's. He had taken six big cedar logs, fastened them together, and on this base had built a shack about ten-by-eighteen feet. The shack had been built at one end of the float, leaving about six feet for a landing dock. The float itself was anchored about twenty feet from shore and connected to the bank by a bridge of two-by-twelve planks laid end to end and supported by stilts driven into the mud.

I made my way to the bank, crossed the little bridge and knocked on the door. I received no answer to my knock, so I shoved the door open and went in. Inside I found two squaws apparently not surprised at my entrance. I said good morning to them and asked if this were Jake's home. Both squaws nodded their heads but refused to talk, signifying they could not speak English. I sat down on a box in the corner and acted as if I intended to stay all day. Suddenly I said, *"Kah ok-kok man* Jake?" (Where is Jake?) I received the following answer, *"Klon-nass kah, me-si-kah ha-lo kum-tux kah, ya-kah, klat-a-awah pee-aunkutty noxt moon kopa King George's land, kun-a-way kah."* (No telling where, he left a month ago and went to Canada. We don't know where.)

"Mi-kah kum-tux kun-she ya-kah cha koh?" (Do you know when he will return?)

"Ha-lo nikah ha-lo kum-tux nikah ha-lo is-kum paa-pah." (No, I don't know. I never get a letter.)

Taking note of the contents of the shack and cataloguing them in my mind, I told the squaws goodbye, asking them to tell Jake when he came home that I wanted to see him. I worked my way back to the highway, and as I passed the inn, I noticed the Indians all watching me.

A mile below the inn an old logging road grade from which the rails had been removed ran through the timber in a northerly direction. This attracted my attention. I climbed the grade and followed the road until I saw it would take me to within a half-mile of Jake's float-house. It was a better approach than the one along the lake shore. I filed this information away in my head as of some possible importance for some time in the future.

Two weeks later I decided to run up and interview the squaws again. As I passed the inn, I saw the same Indian guide run down to his canoe and take off up the lake. Belatedly realizing that he had gone to warn the squaws, I turned back and went home.

Ten days later I was awakened at three o'clock in the morning by somebody tapping at my front door. I opened the door and a voice from out of the darkness whispered, "Jake is home." My informant disappeared without my ever seeing him. I went back to bed.

The following Sunday morning, thinking to outwit the guide lookout, I started out for Jake's house at sunrise. No luck—the same guide spotted me passing the inn and hurried off up the lake in his canoe. I was tempted to go back home; then decided to go on and find out what the squaws would have to say this time.

I stopped at the inn, bought breakfast, asked about some nonexistent criminal, smoked a cigarette and remarked, "Well, I guess I'll drive up and see if Jake is home yet." Arriving at the float-house, I found the two squaws just finishing their breakfast. I asked if they had heard anything of Jake. Both shook their heads. I looked around, figuring they were both lying. They were. A third used, but empty, plate was on the table, and Jake's old felt hat lay on the bed.

I took my time and noted carefully the contents of the shack. In the far right-hand corner a bunk was built against the wall. In the opposite corner an old cook-stove was propped on three legs and covered with dirty dishes. The center of the floor was taken up with the table and boxes, and near the door (the only entrance) rested a small heating stove. Along the side walls, scattered on the floor, was a miscellaneous assortment of fishing gear, traps, canoe paddles, dried fish, hides, etc. I could locate no gun.

Acting as though I had noticed nothing unusual, I told the squaws goodbye and asked them to tell Jake when they saw him that I had been there and wanted to see him.

As I passed the inn on my way home,

(Continued on page 43)

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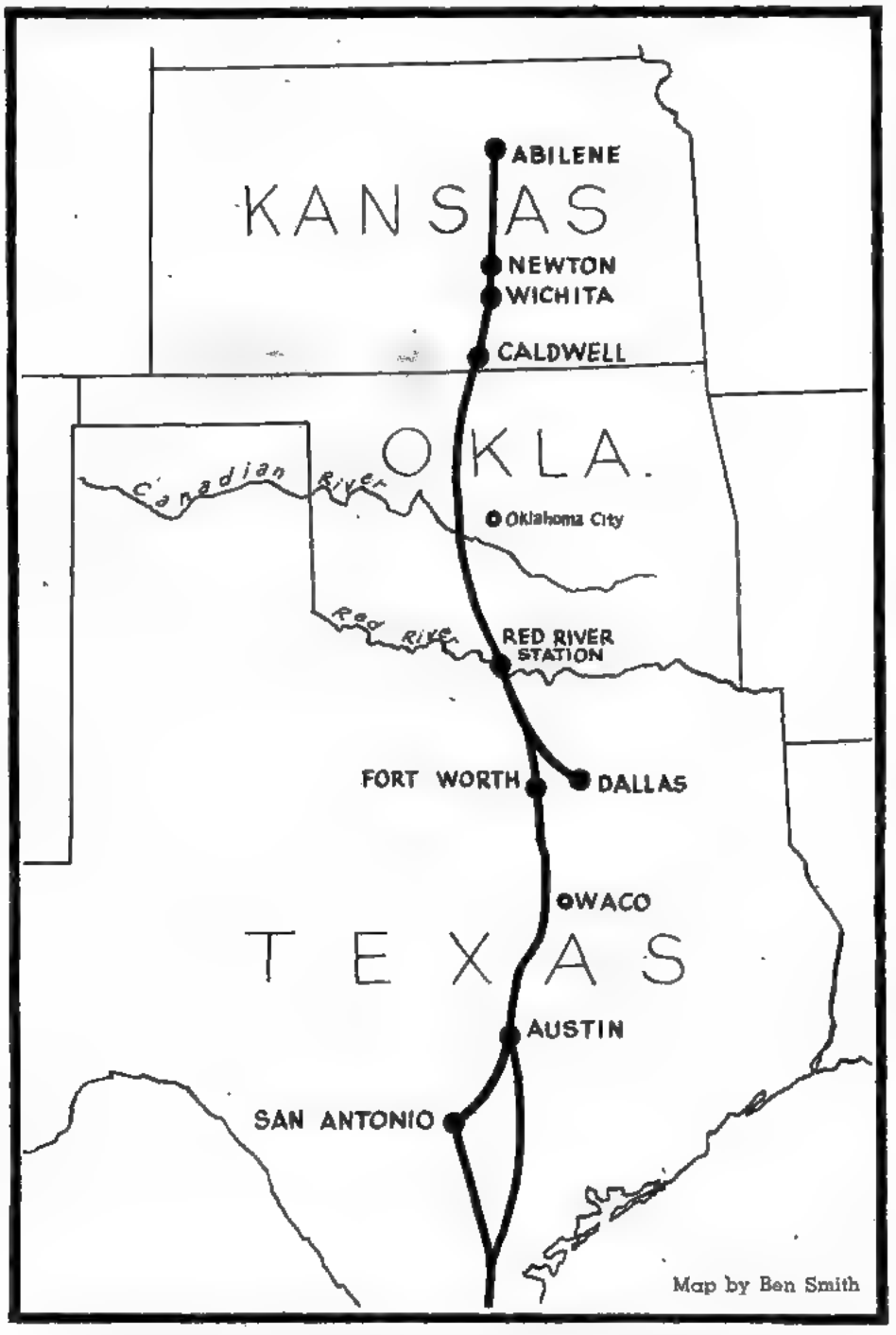


The Chisholm Trail extended northward from the Texas cow-center through the Indian Territory (Oklahoma) to Kansas shipping points.

MUCH controversy has arisen over the years as to how the famed Chisholm Trail, over which more than a million longhorn Texas cattle were driven to market, derived its name.

I have before me, as this is written, a letter from Don W. Wright of San Diego, California, which reads as follows:

"A friend of mine says the Chisholm Trail was named after Jesse Chisholm. I say it was named after John Chisum. Which of us is right? My friend says Jesse Chisholm drove the first herd up the Big Trail. I say the first to drive a herd up the Trail was Colonel Oliver W. Wheeler. If so, what route did he follow?"

It is true that the Chisholm Trail was named after Jesse Chisholm, part Cherokee Indian, but ironically enough neither John Chisum nor Jesse Chisholm ever set foot on the Big Trail, other than a small portion of it, and neither ever drove a single longhorn over it. It is also true that the first to put a herd over the Big Trail was Colonel Oliver W. Wheeler. This was in May of 1867.

And so the controversy about the longest, roughest, toughest, driest, hell-blessedest cattle trail on earth rages on. Joe Small, editor of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, thinks it's about time somebody came up with the cold, unadulterated facts, and so here they are.

THERE is no one now living who knows, nor is there any record left showing, the exact route followed by the first cattle drive made by Colonel Wheeler and his cowboys. In determining the original course, there is only the record left by Joe McCoy, the man who put Abilene, Kansas, on the map by making it the northern terminus for the cattle drives. In his *Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade of the West and Southwest,* published in 1874, we have something to go by.

The only other authentic record is the route the Trail followed across the Cherokee Outlet or Cherokee Strip as it existed in the year 1872. It was established by a United States government survey that was held to be accurate in every detail. From the south line of the Cherokee Strip on south to the crossing on the Cimarron, there could be no change in the route because most of this distance was through the only opening there was in the blackjack timber which stretched for miles on either side of the Trail.

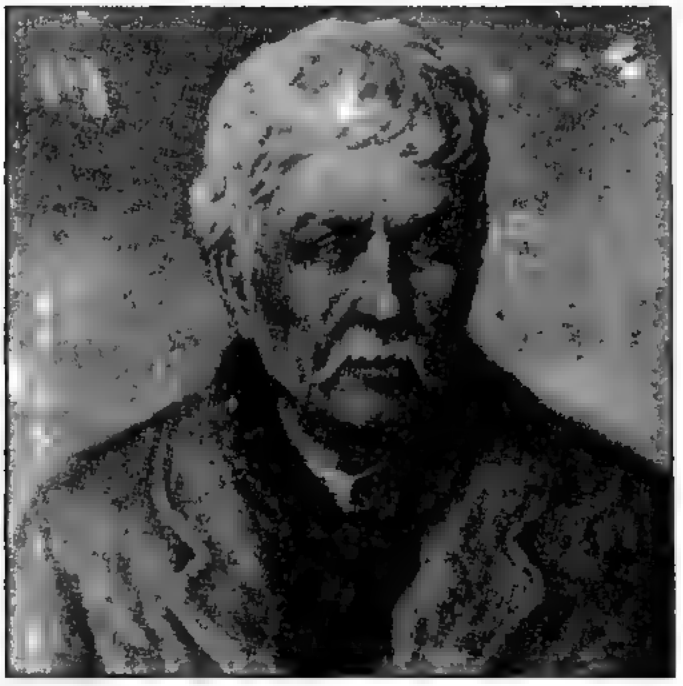
Though Jesse Chisholm's name was given to the Trail, he actually had little to do with establishing it, except that a

Up the Chisholm Trail

By DAN KING

Ed Bartholomew Photos

The trail was named after Jesse Chisholm but the first man to drive a herd from one end to the other was Colonel Oliver W. Wheeler.



Left, John S. Chisum. Right, Jesse Chisholm.

trail he had used for a distance of about 150 miles eventually became a part of it.

John Chisum had nothing whatever to do with establishing the Big Trail. At the time the first herds came up it in 1867, he was in New Mexico attending to his ranch.

Back in 1866, a year before the first drive, Charles Goodnight, another famous Texan, was operating a ranch in Palo Pinto County, Texas. He drove a herd of cattle southwest from his ranch to Concho County, then west across the desert to Horse Head Crossing on the Pecos River, and from there to New Mexico. The next year John Chisum and Goodnight pooled their cattle and made the same drive and this bit of history seems to have contributed heavily to the erroneous belief that John Chisum made a drive up the Chisholm Trail. When asked if Chisum, whom he knew like a brother, had ever driven the Big Trail, Goodnight replied, "Chisum never crossed the Red River with a cow in his life, but he did take cattle to New Mexico several times by the way of the Goodnight Trail."

JESSE CHISHOLM, whose mother was part Cherokee, came to the Indian Territory from Arkansas when he was ten years old. At eighteen he married and later took over his father-in-law's store at Little Creek. Through his dealings with whites and Indians alike, his success grew and he became one of the most respected traders on the Southern Plains. Indians came great distances just to trade with him and he won their everlasting friendship. He established a trading post at what later came to be known as Chisholm Creek. To maintain his profitable relationship with the Indians, it became necessary to lay out a trail to the Southwest over which goods could be delivered. Jesse surveyed such a trail in 1865.

The trail, as he originally laid it out, extended from his store on Chisholm Creek to where Anadarko, Oklahoma, now stands, a distance of approximately 220 miles. When the cattle herds began coming up from Texas in 1867 they followed this route from the Cimarron crossing (now Dover, Oklahoma) to near the present city of Wichita, Kansas. From there they went on north to Abilene where McCoy had built cattle pens and loading ramps as well as other accommodations for herders, including a hotel and restaurant, not to mention twenty or more saloons that sold red-eye at a dollar a gulp. And so about 150 miles of Jesse Chisholm's Southwest trail was absorbed by the Big Drag, and became a part of it. Someone started calling the new trail from Texas the "Chisholm Trail" and the name stuck.

The old trail, subsequent to 1865, was extended from Anadarko to Fort Sill. After 1867, when the cattle drives began, the cattlemen, in order to distinguish the trail, designated that portion of it "The Traders' Trail."

Few persons have ever heard of "The Traders' Trail" and when it is mentioned as part of the Chisholm Trail, readers are confused. It actually became part of the Big Trail for a distance of only 150 miles. The Chisholm Trail as a whole was 650 miles in length.

This was Jesse Chisholm's contribution to the Big Drag, but in 1868 he died in what is now Blaine County, Oklahoma, without ever knowing that his name would be emblazoned across 650 of the most grueling miles on earth.

TO TELL the history of the Chisholm Trail would require more type and space than any magazine can afford, but since most of it has been told over and over piecemeal, much of it in TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES, there would be little point in again going over all the heartbreaking events that helped make it the heller it was. Wayne Gard does it nicely in his *The Chisholm Trail* (University of Oklahoma Press, 1954).

The question of who drove the first herd over the trail has been argued back and forth across many a campfire for years. Most people will tell you it was Jesse Chisholm, while others maintain it was John Chisum. Those who have read the various histories of the Trail know it was Colonel Oliver W. Wheeler.

Colonel Wheeler, a New Englander by birth and a cattleman by profession, was getting rich driving cattle from southern California to the gold-rush mining camps in the north. In 1866 California was hit by a drought and there were no cattle to be had for love nor money. Texas had a surplus of cattle, so he went to San Antonio and began buying. When he had acquired 2,400 head, he was faced with the problem of getting them to northern California and Oregon where the demand for them was great.

He decided to attempt a drive across the old Oklahoma Indian Territory and then to Abilene where the Kansas Pacific Railway was establishing a railhead. If and when he arrived there, and if he had any cattle left after that difficult undertaking and it seemed feasible to drive on to California, he would attempt it. But if it didn't, there was just a chance his cattle could be shipped east to another ready market.

From San Antonio it was 300 miles to the Red River, the jumping-off point into Indian Territory. A few cattlemen had ventured that far north before, only to lose their small herds to the Indians who stampeded them and, in several cases, killed the herdsmen. No herd had ever deeply penetrated into Indian Territory and not a single longhorn had gone up that long trail.

Many readers fairly familiar with western history have not heard of Colonel Wheeler. He attended to his own business and was not fond of appearing in the public limelight. The title "Colonel" was conferred upon him after his experiences on that first cattle drive. Not many of the incidents that took place during the drive were ever revealed except by cowhands, but they talked about them for years afterward. How many of these tales were true, no one can say.

We do now know that on this venture Wheeler had two partners, a Mr. Wilson and a Mr. Hicks. They hired fifty-four of the best cowboys they could find around San Antonio. Some were experienced in Indian fighting. Wheeler bought 100 of the t o u g h e s t horses he could

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Wild old Days!

THE END OF MIRTH IS HEAVINESS

By J. LEO SEELY

Illustrated by William Loechel

I BECAME a criminal early in life. Living where I did, in Mt. Pleasant, Utah, I knew about all the gunmen heroes of the Old West—perhaps I even idolized them a little bit. So at a very early age I started rustling cattle.

It all started on a balmy summer evening. Six of us mountain-grown youngsters—Mape, Evan, Gibs, Ren, Ralph and I—were on the loose with nothing to do. We weren't really looking for trouble, just entertainment, and entertainment in a small town is sometimes hard to find.

We found it, though, in the shape of the local butcher's wagon—a new-fangled sort of gadget with a high rack on which he hand-slaughtered calves. On top of the rack there was a seat. Just for the heck of it, we decided to make off with the rig two boys at the tongue pulling it, two behind pushing, and the other two riding the high seat.

Our ride was short-lived, for the wagon weighed just a bit too much for the boys at the tongue to handle. Into a ditch it toppled, hurling the two boys off the high seat as it overturned. We laughed and chided the kids who'd been dumped, and made a feeble attempt to right the wagon. But it was too heavy, so we let it go.

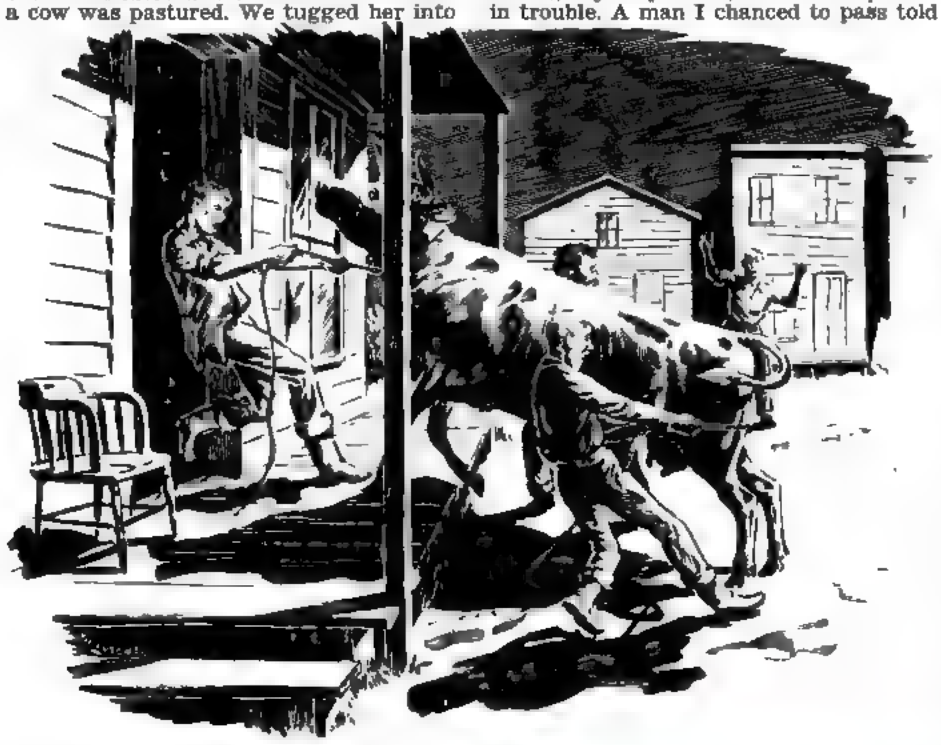
Next we decided to play rodeo. Across the street there was a small lot on which a cow was pastured. We tugged her into the street and took turns riding her—or trying to. She was a pretty good cow for the occasion, neatly shedding each of us soon after we'd boarded her. We traipsed down the street in this fashion about two blocks, winding up in front of the city jail.

"Let's throw the old cow in and cool her off," one of the boys suggested. We all thought it was a good idea—except the cow. But, finally, we tugged her inside.

Our jail, aside from the small front office, consisted of a big iron door which opened into a square room, in the center of which were two cells. This two-cell unit had a three-foot corridor all the way around it. The walls were clean and white and freshly plastered. Once imprisoned, the cow was queen of the entire territory, enjoying the questionable privilege of going into either cell or parading around both of them.

We locked the door, and believe me, that old cow really did go around and around! We could still hear her bellowing and butting the bars when we got to Main Street, two blocks away. We cowpolicemen were mighty proud of our arrest.

THE NEXT morning I left home on horseback to look after some cattle and on my way home, I found out I was in trouble. A man I chanced to pass told me about it. The law, in the form of our local constable, had arrested my compatriots! I was the only one of our gang still unapprehended.



Kid Curry would've hit the high trail, I guess, but I wasn't Kid Curry. I crept home, shaking in my boots. Before my father got home, the constable came for me and I was accorded the unwelcome honor of meeting the justice of the peace.

Being a cattle rustler at such a young age is no laughing matter. Even for a first offense, cattle rustlers often got two-to-ten year terms in the state pen.

"I'd like to put you in jail where that cow was," the justice of the peace told me. I found out, then, that it wasn't cattle rustling he and the constable were mad about. You see, that cow we'd been riding had been eating lots of green grass and we'd gotten her all heated up with our "bronc ridin'." Nature was bound to take its course while she was jailed. The result was that the cow decorated the floors and, with an assist from her tail, the walls also. I guess it was a pretty frightful mess.

I was fined $30.00 and, since I didn't have a nickel, was put at liberty until my father came home. I was hoping someone would tell my father, but no luck. I had to do the job myself. I followed him around for nearly two hours before I got up enough courage to tell him what had happened.

Pa wasn't very gentle. He made me realize what outlaws we'd been before he gave me the money. Despite his anger, though, I noticed that he had to turn his back a couple of times so I wouldn't catch him laughing.

My career as a rustler ended then and there. Thirty bucks was too much to pay for a little entertainment. The Good Book says, "The end of mirth is heaviness." The Good Book is right!

EARLY DAY CLOWNING

By Will Spindler

TWO BROTHERS, George and Albert Porch, and "Dude" Rounds were quite noted "characters" in the earlier annals of the Badlands and the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation areas of western South Dakota history. They were truly cowpunchers of the old school of the open range days.

During the early days of the big reservation George Porch was milking a cow on his ranch when "Dude" Rounds rode up. He had a large milk pail and it was full to the brim when he finished milking.

"That must be a purty good cow, George," Dude observed, looking at the milk in wonder. "She shore gives a lot of milk."

"She shore is, Dude," replied George. "Gentle as a kitten, too."

"I'd like to take her off'n your hands an' then you won't have to monkey around milkin' cows . . . What'll you take for her, George?"

"Waal, Dude, give me $50.00 an' she's your cow."

"You done sold a cow. I'll lope over in the mornin' an' drive her home."

Dude kept his promise, getting the cow the next day. But in a few days he rode back to the Porch ranch in a very gloomy mood.

"Say, George," he began, "You know that cow give a heapin' pail of milk for you, but all I can git outa her is less than a half pail . . . How do you figure that out?"

"Waal, Dude, maybe you milked her too

often. Depends a lot on how often you milk her, you know."

"Why, I milked her twice a day regular—mornin' an' evenin'."

"Right there's the sticker, Dude. I hadn't milked her for two days the other evenin' when you rode in. You jest milk her too often, Dude. . ."

ANOTHER STORY about George Porch and Dude Rounds became current over the West back in the old open range days. The two old pals and a third puncher, whose name has slipped my memory, had gone with a cattle shipment to the Omaha market.

It was an old joke of Dude's to play deaf and dumb whenever a good opportunity came, and he always got a big kick out of pulling it. But in an Omaha cafe on this trip, his pals double-crossed him and his joke backfired.

When a waitress came to take their orders, George and the other cowpoke promptly gave theirs, each ordering large steaks. But Dude began making signs with his fingers.

"And what will your friend have?" asked the waitress, a sort of pitying light coming into her eyes.

As if to be sure that he understood rightly, George made a few signs with his fingers, to which Dude promptly replied with his.

"He says jest fetch him a bowl of soup an' crackers," George interpreted.

After Dude had finished his big bowl of soup and crackers, the waitress appeared at their table again.

"What will your friend have now?"

Again that round of deaf and dumb signs between George and Dude.

"He says that's shore mighty fine soup an' just fetch him another big bowl of it an' crackers, please."

Dude glared wickedly at George when the waitress left, but when the soup and crackers came he downed them bravely. Surely when the waitress came again George would interpret his "order" as a big, juicy steak.

"What would your friend like to have?" she asked sweetly, appearing at their table for the third time.

Followed still more deaf and dumb signs, this time Dude looking very pleadingly into the eyes of his old friend.

"He says he never tasted the like of that soup, ma'am, an' to fetch him another order of the same."

"That's enough of that lousy soup!" Dude suddenly exploded. "Now fetch me a big steak an' make it plenty juicy!"

The astonished waitress jumped about a foot at this sudden, vehement flood of words from the poor "mute." But the disgusted Dude received his steak in due time—a big, tender, juicy one at that!

SANTA ANNA'S GOLD

By J. Frank Dobie

STORIES of Santa Anna's gold belong to spots of the good earth scattered all the way from the Rio Grande to San Jacinto Bayou. The gold is usually supposed to be in a chest, for paying the Mexican soldiers. There may have been a chest of money with Santa Anna's army. I don't know. If there was, the soldiers would have received precious little of it. There were too many officers between them and the chest. After the Battle of San Jacinto, the Texans captured a few valuables, the most outstanding of which was a highly ornamented chamber pot. Sam Houston is supposed to have taken possession of it.

Will Splndler

Branding day on the Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota.

Here is a story on the gold new to me. It comes from Ike Kibbe of Brownsville.

In 1892 one Jesus Gonzales was farming on shares for a man named Clayborn near the San Antonio River below Goliad. A drouth was on, times were hard, and there was little prospect for a crop of corn and beans. Jesus Gonzales went on working, however. One night after a day of plowing in the hard, parched soil, he dreamed of finding a pot of money. He told his family and some friends about the dream. A few nights later he had the same dream.

The next afternoon while he was following his mule down a corn row, the point of his double shovel struck something hard, and glanced off. There were no rocks in the field, and he wondered what the hard object could be. He went to his house, got a pick and a pole and proceeded to investigate. He soon uncovered the lid of a copper pot about three feet in diameter. He could not pry the pot out, however, as it was heavy. He broke his pole trying.

His next step was to go to a neighbor's to borrow a wagon and team. One of his children was very sick, he explained, and he had to set out with it that night for a doctor. He drove the wagon to the place where the copper pot was buried and dug some more. Still he could not remove it but he knocked loose the hasp on the lid and opened it. There in the moonlight he saw the pot heaped full of gold coins. He took them out in handfuls and loaded them into his wagon.

The next day nobody was living in the Jesus Gonzales shack. He was never seen or heard of in that country again. I don't know how other people came to learn exactly what he had done; they did not go by maybes. Before long the owner of the land rode through the field and saw the open, empty pot in the ground. He saw also a few coins that had been dropped between it and the wagon tracks. He dug the pot up and sent it to a relative in Tennessee.

THE WYOMING LEANERS

By Harrison S. Cobb

IF YOU'RE from Wyoming you're likely a Leaner. Most Wyomingites are.

In Wyoming when a man comes out of his house, you see him grab his hat and lean. What he is leaning against is the wind. Ever since the first Mongolian emigrant came wandering down the country from his mysterious crossing of the Bering Sea, Wyomingites have been walking as if propped up, only you can't see the prop.

The greatest mass accident that ever happened in Wyoming was one day when the wind suddenly quit blowing and a hundred thousand people fell flat on their faces.

In Wyoming a common gale goes almost unnoticed. To check the wind, most folks fasten a log chain to a good sturdy post. If the chain blows straight out from the post, there's still nothing much to worry about for that's only a normal wind. It's when the links on the end of the chain start snapping off that people take precautions. It's then said that a strong wind is coming up.

The Weather Bureau in Laramie never bothers about wind warnings until small pebbles start coming through the walls like bullets; then they issue what they call a "preliminary alert." What they do after that depends mostly on whether the Weather Bureau building is still standing.

The factory of the wind must be in the West somewhere, for the real blows that snap off log-chain links come from that direction.

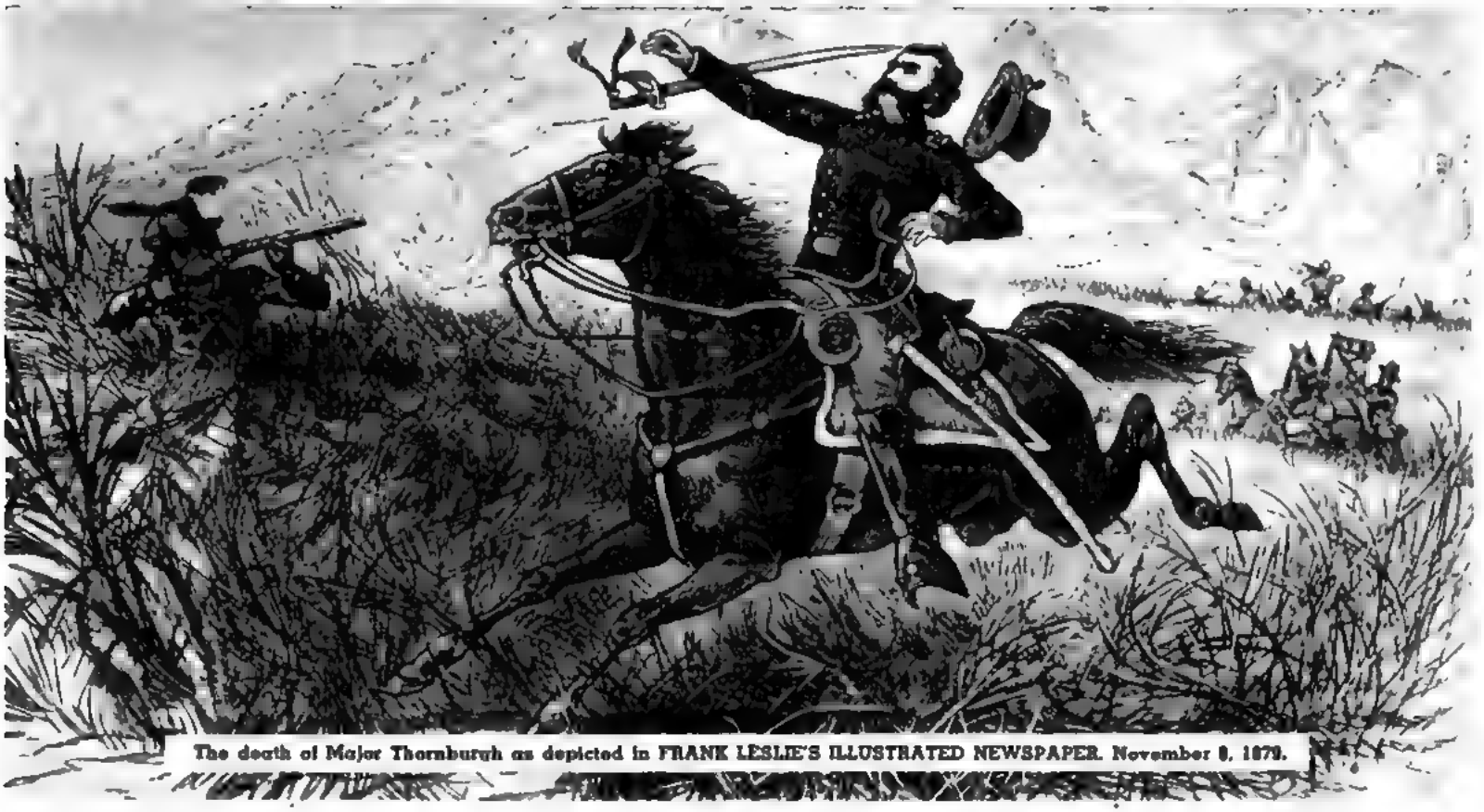
But people are accustomed to these things in Wyoming. Motorists driving from Rock Springs east to Laramie never bother to gas up before leaving Rock Springs. One time when there was a real strong wind that made the log-chains fairly pop, a motorist started from Rock Springs and wore out a new set of brakes before he was half way to Laramie, and he didn't burn a nickel's worth of gas on the whole trip. Those going west out of Laramie usually take along an extra can of gas just in case. One driver started west one day—the hard way—and after two hours of driving in one of those stiff winds found himself entering Nebraska—backwards.

Wyoming antelope are noted for their white tails that stick straight up. But if you will notice, their tails stick up only when they are running from west to east. That way they get better than forty miles to the hour. When they run west, their tails stick straight out behind.

Speaking of wild life, one time an eagle flew east to visit its grandparents and didn't get back to its home in the West for thirty years. Fighting the gales resulted in its losing the feathers from on top of its head and now we have Bald Eagles.

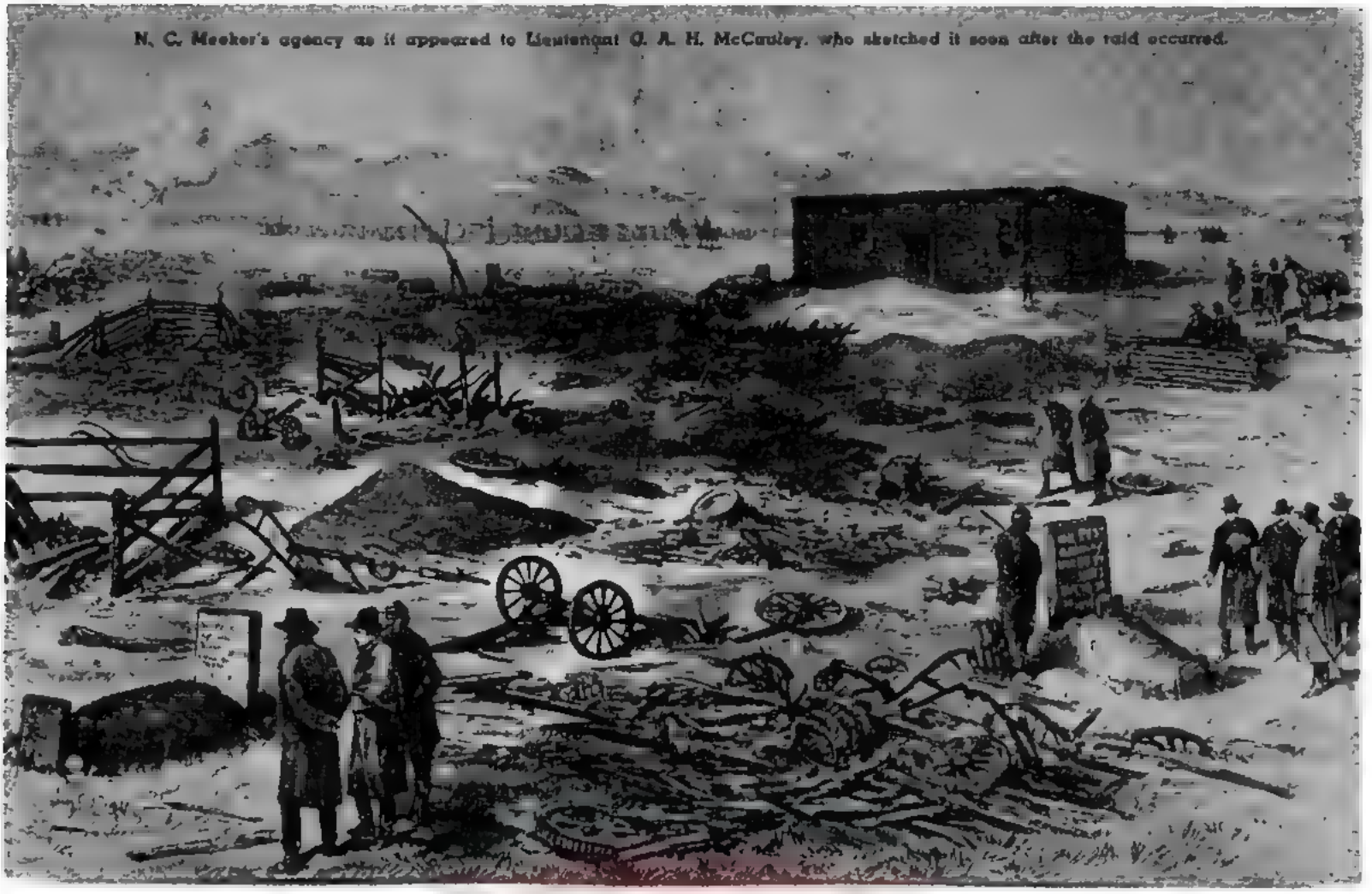
In Laramie you will notice that the experienced carpenters working on a housing development will pick up only one end of a board when there's a wind blowing. One time a carpenter's helper,

(Continued on page 40)



The death of Major Thornburgh as depicted in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. November 8, 1879.

The White River Massacre



N. C. Meeker's agency as it appeared to Lieutenant O. A. H. McCauley, who sketched it soon after the raid occurred.

The situation on the White River Reservation got worse and worse, until General Phil Sheridan had to send three companies of cavalry to defend the Indian Agency. They rode straight into an ambush and the Agency went up in flames!

By ROBIN TIBBETS

Photos from Denver Public Library Western Collection

THE FAILURE of a Ute Indian Agent to hand over supplies and trinkets to his charges on the White River Reservation and the complacency with which the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs acted upon the subsequent complaints are listed as the main causes of one of the bloodiest massacres ever to take place in the State of Colorado.

When Ouray's band of Utes was located on the Uncompahgre and Chief Douglas' Utes were sent to the White River Reservation by the Treaty of 1868, and by later negotiations the San Juan mining region was surrendered by the Indians, it was provided that each band of Indians would receive certain annuities of money and goods.

General Wesley Merritt

A large warehouse for the storage of the supplies was established at Rawlins, Wyoming, and the consignments were sent there. The Indians looked forward each year to the time when they were to be presented with blankets, provisions, trinkets and other items which took their fancy. Nothing made them angrier than for the supplies to fail to arrive at the proper time.

In the year 1879, the time for the distribution of supplies to the White River Utes came and went, with no attempt by the officials in Washington to hurry the process. In fact, some historians say that the Bureau of Indian Affairs calmly ignored the whole business. The Indians filed a complaint with the Agent and he, in turn, filed a complaint with Governor Pitken, who sent the petition with his approval to Washington. The joint effort proved useless. Meanwhile, the Utes, now hungry and naked, grew morose and ugly and began to wander off the reservation to attack white settlers living in the region, taking their revenge upon the people for the failure of the Great White Father to keep his promises.

The Agent at that time was N. C. Meeker, a venerable philanthropist who, in 1878, was made Agent for the White River Utes at his own request. Meeker's idea was to educate, refine and Christianize the Utes. He was confident of his ability to bring about a complete transformation in the lives and natures of the wild redmen by teaching them to become tillers of the soil, to live in houses and to adopt the ways of the white man.

Meeker's ideas were noble, but he knew very little about Indians and this lack of knowledge was his undoing. The only desire of the Utes, as with most Indians living in that period, was to do as they pleased. If they wanted anything they were in the habit of taking it, by force if necessary. The Utes looked upon every form of manual labor as intolerable degradation. Their highest ambition was to hunt, kill and destroy, and their chief pleasure was to drink whisky and scalp isolated settlers.

MEEKER'S attempts to smother the natural instincts of the Utes were impossible from the outset. But he was determined, and to prove his faith in the new venture, he took his wife and youngest daughter, along with several other persons, with him to his new home on the Indian Reservation. An obstinate and unyielding man, Meeker used methods with the Indians which might have worked with white men, but such methods failed to impress the Indians, except to make them angry. The Utes refused to become farmers and, when urged, they got mad, broke all the rules and went out to wreak their vengeance upon the settlers, stealing their property and setting fire to the protective forests in the area.

These depredations by the Utes aroused the settlers who filed petitions with the Governor of Colorado, demanding that the Utes be kept on the reservation. The Indians, in turn, demanded that their supplies and trinkets be delivered, and while they were at it, demanded that Meeker be removed as Agent. The redmen went so far as to send four chiefs, headed by Captain Jack, to Denver for a conference with the Governor. Pitkin, seeing that trouble was brewing, advised authorities in Washington of the situation and urged them to take immediate steps to remedy the situation, which he hoped would prevent a full-scale uprising. Action was promised, but none was taken.

Meeker, in the meantime, requested aid from the U.S. army headquarters to keep the Indians on the reservation and General John Pope sent a single company of colored cavalry to scout in Middle Park. This was the wrong move to make. If there was anything on the face of the earth that an Indian hated above another, it was a Negro, and especially a Negro soldier. Thus, the movement of Negro soldiers into the troubled area inflamed the hostility of the Indians rather than quieting it. The Utes kept out of the way of the troops, but kept a close watch on them from the hills, wanting nothing better than a good opportunity to swoop down and kill the entire company.

More incidents added fuel to the smouldering fire. For example, a Major James B. Thompson, former Indian Agent during Governor McCook's administration, bought a ranch on Bear River in Middle Park and built a cabin on the land. Once, when he was away from home, two Utes named Bennett and Chinaman burned his house to the ground. Thompson appeared before Judge W. E. Beck of the First Judicial District in Colorado and swore out warrants for the arrest of the two

N. C. Meeker

Indians. However, the Grand County sheriff, Marshall Bessey, and his posse failed to find the two culprits and called off the search. The posse visited Meeker at the reservation but got no help, not because Meeker didn't want to give it, but because his standing with the Utes was poor and he could get no cooperation.

The Indians were spoiling for a fight. They fired on white men working in the fields and accused Meeker of writing lies about them in Denver papers and sending for troops to protect himself from them. Word of the unrest reached General Phil Sheridan and that famous soldier sent Major Thomas T. Thornburgh, commander of Fort Steele, Wyoming, with three companies of cavalry to the reservation. No Indians were seen on the trail, but the savages watched every move the soldiers made.

DURING Major Thornburgh's march to White River, the rebellious Indians, led by Captain Jack, attempted to arrange a hearing of Ute grievances before

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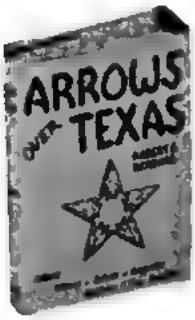

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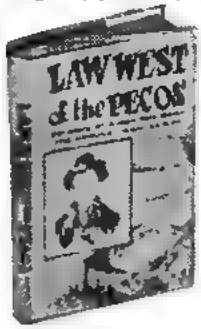

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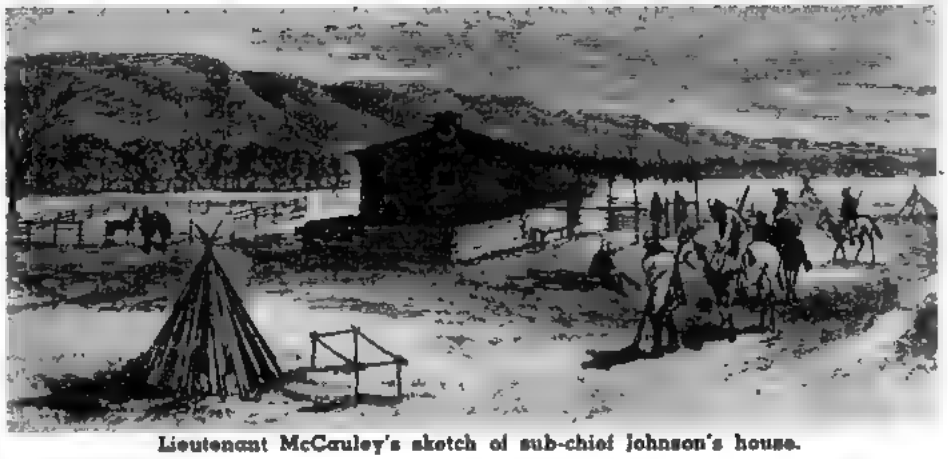


Lieutenant McCauley's sketch of sub-chief Johnson's house.

Meeker, with Major Thornburgh in attendance. The Indians offered to escort the officer to the reservation and the hearing but Thornburgh refused, expressing the opinion that the offer was only a ruse to draw him away from his men and possibly to take his life. With this refusal under his belt, Captain Jack made his plans to retaliate.

There was only one practical route to the White River Agency and it lay through a narrow defile with high bluffs on either side. Laying his plans carefully, the wily Ute posted his warriors on either side of the pass and awaited the arrival of Major Thornburgh's troops. When the Army command reached Milk Creek, a tributary of the Bear River twenty-five miles from the Agency, a large band of Indians confronted it in line of battle and prepared to fight. Seeing that he had been drawn into a trap, Major Thornburgh formed his own battle line and awaited the Indians' pleasure, ordering his men to hold their fire until the Utes attacked.

With great cunning, the Indians flanked the column. Thornburgh's adjutant, Lieutenant Samuel Cherry, was sent out to parley with the Indians, but a shot—whether fired accidentally or intentionally will never be known—pierced the stillness of the autumn day. Immediately both sides, interpreting the shot as the beginning of an attack, began firing, and the battle of Milk Creek was on. Major Thornburgh fell, a rifle bullet through his ear, while riding back to see if the men assigned to protect the supply train were doing their job.

After Major Thornburgh's death, the responsibility of command fell upon Captain Payne of the Fifth Cavalry, who, though wounded, ordered his men to dig trenches and use the wagons and their contents as breastworks. The Indians retaliated by setting fire to the grass and sagebrush, which rolled dense clouds of smoke upon the defenders. With no water to fight the flames, the soldiers had to smother the fire to prevent their wagons from being destroyed.

While the white men fought the fire, the Utes, posted on nearby bluffs, picked off every man and animal to be seen. The troops could neither advance nor retreat, and to make the situation worse, Captain Jack ordered a charge in an attempt to kill the survivors. He was repulsed by a withering hail of bullets, after which he withdrew his troops to the bluffs to continue sniping action.

Captain Payne, realizing the hopelessness of his situation, talked with a scout named Rankin about going for help. Rankin proved his mettle by escaping from the trap on horseback and riding toward Rawlins for help, a distance of 160 miles. He made the ride in twenty-eight hours. Seeing that Rankin made it through the Indian lines, Captain Payne sent other riders in search of the colored cavalry, who were under the command of Captain Dodge.

The move was successful and Dodge and his men rode immediately to the scene in an attempt to rescue the trapped

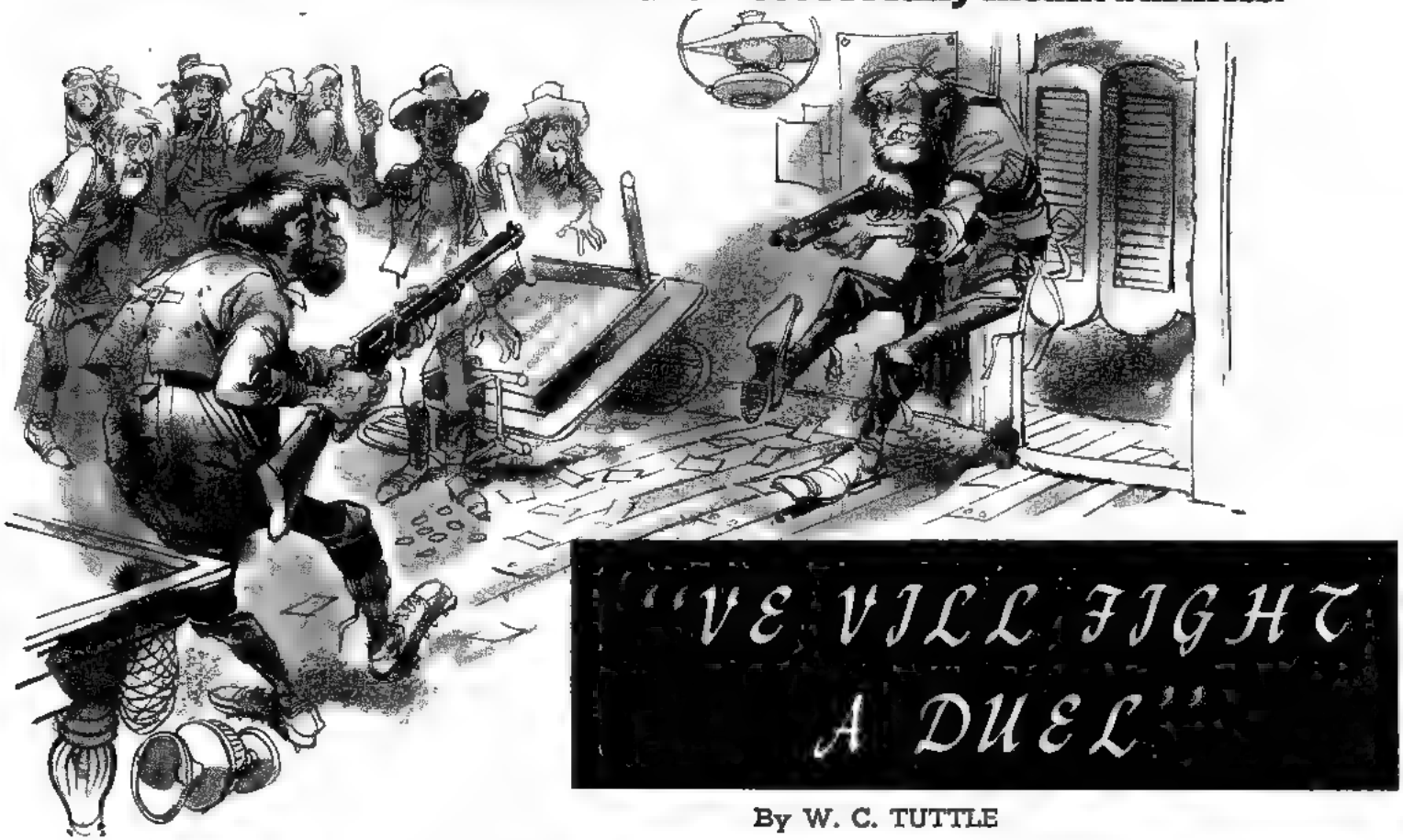
(Continued on page 34)

Residence of Ouray, chief of the Tabequache Utes. The letters denote: (A) residence; (B) storehouses; (C) dwelling and mess houses of Mexican employees; (D) underground storerooms for vegetables; (E) carriage presented to Ouray by Governor McCook; (F) wagons used for hauling freight.

"Back up and shoot!" I told them.

Illustrated by Jack Davis

Old Dutch and Peevee really meant business!



"VE VILL FIGHT A DUEL"

By W. C. TUTTLE

I HAVE NEVER believed in dueling as a means of upholding honor, or any other personal issue. I don't know what personal issue was involved in the only duel I ever directed. In fact, I don't believe that either participant knew the issue. However, the intent was brutal, even if the ending wasn't.

Old Dutch owned a saloon in a small town in Montana. We had a situation there that was conducive to vigorous action. On the west side of the river were the mountains and forests of pine, where logging camps prospered and lumberjacks were more than plentiful.

On the east side were the open cattle ranges, miles of rolling hills extending back to the main divide. Here the cowboy reigned supreme—or tried to. Every weekend hundreds of lumberjacks came to a town three miles from where I lived, spent their wages in riotous living and rode back to camp on the bottom of a four-horse truck, too full of spirits to care what happened.

Physical violence was the order of the weekend. Among the big men of the logging camps was one Peevee Jack, six-feet three-inches of mighty manhood, so powerful that he snapped the handles of axe and peavey so regularly that he was finally relegated to driving a cross-haul team. There is no record of his breaking the legs off horses.

In our little town lived Old Dutch, owner of the one saloon; a six-foot seven-incher, weight about 175, and sixty-five years old. Old Dutch had the longest legs and arms of any man I have ever [illegible].

I WANDERED into the saloon one late evening, where Old Dutch and Peevee Jack were playing two-handed poker. I realized that there was bad blood between them, along with a lot of alcoholic spirits. They were both in a fighting mood, and the conversation would have gladdened the heart of a mule skinner. With murder in their hearts, their eyesight blurred, they called each other every name in the Profane Dictionary.

There was a big, square music box at the end of the bar, so I squandered a nickel on a Sousa march. It didn't help. Suddenly Peevee Jack grasped the edge of the table and violently upset it against Old Dutch, who hit the floor with the edge of the table against his long neck.

With a yelp of victory, Peevee leaped up and dived over the table, his huge hands clutching for Dutch's throat. But he estimated it very badly, landed squarely on the top of his head, seemed to stand there for a while, and then like a falling tree, he slowly crashed down.

I took the table off Dutch and helped him sit in a chair. After a while, Peevee sat up, holding his head with both hands. He stared at Old Dutch, squint-eyed, his lips moving, but with no sound. Old Dutch managed to say, "Haf you had plenty?"

"Me?" whispered Peevee. "Hell, I ain't started yet."

Maybe Old Dutch realized that he was no match for Peevee in a physical contest, so he said, "Ve vill fight a duel." (I'm sure he said "doodle.")

Anyway, Peevee managed to get to his feet, braced against the bar.

"What'll we use to duel?" he asked.

"I haf rifle and shotgun."

I knew where he kept them; an old .45-70 Winchester and an old, sawed-off ten-gauge double-barrel shotgun. Both guns were loaded.

"I use de shotgun," said Dutch.

"Like hell!" snorted Peevee. "I'm the shotgun man."

I said, "You'll cut cards to see who gets the shotgun."

There was no argument. I picked up the cards, put them on the table and proceeded to shuffle them. Old Dutch said, "Aces high." Anything was agreeable to Peevee. Dutch cut an ace. It made Peevee so mad that he picked up the deck and hit Old Dutch in the face. Old Dutch took the shotgun and Peevee reluctantly took the rifle.

As sort of a prelude they put the glasses and bar bottle on the bar and proceeded to get in shape for the mighty struggle while I took care of the two guns. After a half dozen jolts the subject of rules came up. I settled that part.

"You will stand in the middle of the room, face to face," I told them. "I will count to twenty. You will both walk backwards twenty steps, and at the count of twenty, you will shoot."

By this time they were just as drunk as they were when I arrived on the scene and it was difficult for them to stand close together, facing each other. Peevee tilted to the right, while Dutch tilted to the left, and they swayed from side to side like two upside down pendulums.

Finally I was able to start the count,

(Continued on page 54)

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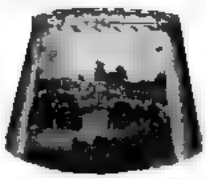

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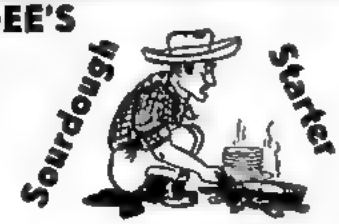

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Boss of the Maltese Cross

(Continued from page 9)

zero and without rest, is a story in itself. T. R. dared not tie his prisoner's hands for fear of frostbite. So, while in the boat, he ordered them to remove their boots and wrap their feet in buffalo skin. Under such conditions a barefoot fugitive stood no chance of escaping.

The officials at Dickinson expressed admiration over the capture but were greatly puzzled as to why the prisoners were not strung up.

"I did not come out here to kill anyone," Teddy growled.

On another occasion T. R. received a challenge to a duel from the French nobleman, the fabulous Marquis de Mores, founder of the town of Medora. Roosevelt promptly accepted the challenge, naming rifles at twelve paces as the weapons, leaving the time and place to the choice of the Marquis. The nobleman then said it was all a mistake and that he hoped they could settle their difficulties "without trouble."

An example of the man's warm sympathy for his cowhands is shown by the following: one day while rounding up cattle near Sentinel Butte, about twenty miles west of Medora, word came to T. R. that George Frazier, formerly one of his waddies, had been struck and killed by lightning, and that the body lay unclaimed at Medora with no one to arrange for burial. "We'll flag the next train," Roosevelt said. That would be Number 2, a limited.

"But they will not stop here," one of the men protested, "they'll think it's a holdup."

"By Godfrey, they'll have to stop," T. R. retorted.

As the train approached, it was flagged. The train slowed but did not come to a stop until T. R. and his riders began whooping it up with shouts and the firing of pistols. Thinking he might be shot, the engineer braked and stopped. Inside the train a quick hiding of valuables began.

Leaving one man to wrangle the horses, T. R. and four of his riders climbed aboard. The conductor expected a holdup but when he learned the nature of their mission he went white with rage and threatened to put them off.

"Now you be good," T. R. told him, "or you'll be the one to get off."

They rode the train to Medora where T. R. made arrangements for a proper burial of the unfortunate Frazier.

Time passed; the spread multiplied. Roosevelt helped to organize western Dakota's first livestock association. He never passed up an opportunity to hunt and acquired a trophy of everything in the region from a grizzly to jackrabbits. He went East as circumstance demanded but his heart was in the West; he always came back to Medora and his true friends with heartfelt relief. These years were perhaps the most enjoyable of his long and eventful life.

And then the storm clouds gathered.

In September, 1886, Sewell and Dow took a train load of cattle to the Chicago market. To their consternation they found that the top price offered was $10.00 per head less than the cost to raise and transport them. Yet they sold the cattle. In the light of the events that followed, the sale, even at a loss, was a fortunate thing, but it pointed to trouble for Dakota stockmen.

And then toward the latter part of October began the terrible winter of snow, ice, roaring blizzards, death-dealing winds and plummeting temperatures that were to spell out disaster to the cattle raisers of the Northwest. For four months blizzard followed blizzard; snow and ice were banked up roof-high. The cattle died by the tens of thousands. Great coulees were filled with dead cattle, where they had sought a windbreak and been frozen to death. Even the ranchers, isolated, had a tough fight for existence.

It was not until March that a letup came—then it was too late. Roosevelt, like many another, was almost completely wiped out. It was a stark ending. And it was final.

Sadly, T. R. liquidated most of his tangible holdings, bid his faithful hands farewell and turned his face again to the East and the political wars. But he never forgot his cowboys. He often remarked that next to his own immediate family, he loved his cowboys and the Rough Riders best. Teddy meant it. He was a Westerner at heart.

The White River Massacre

(Continued from page 32)

soldiers. The effort was fruitless, however, for no rescue could be effected due to the secure position of the Utes. Meanwhile, the information carried by Rankin led General Wesley Merritt, one of Sheridan's top officers, to collect a large force of men from various posts, and they moved by forced march toward the scene of battle.

When the Utes saw this large body of reinforcements, they gave up the fight and rode away. General Merritt's command reached the area early Sunday morning, October 5, the sixth day of battle. The stench from the decaying bodies of animals was almost intolerable; many men were dead and most of those still alive were wounded. After burying the dead and caring for the wounded, General Merritt pushed on toward the Agency at White River.

UPON arriving at the Indian Agency, General Merritt and his troops found that all the white men had been killed by another band of Captain Jack's men, their houses burned and the women captured. The body of Meeker was found about 200 yards from his home with a log chain about his neck, a bullet through his head and part of a barrel stave jammed down his throat.

The bodies of nine other persons, all employees at the Agency, were found at various places in the area, all of them stripped, and some of them mutilated. After completing their bloody work, the Indians had stolen everything they could carry, packed the plunder on their ponies and fled the country.

For nearly three months Merritt's troops remained in camp at the Agency, awaiting further orders. During that period of time, officials appointed by the government attempted to find out why the outbreak started and to discover the identity of the leaders responsible.

The investigation was long, tedious and fruitless. It ended in an offer on the part of the Utes to deliver up twelve of the leaders of the uprising, on the condition that they would be tried in Washington and not in Colorado. Only one or two of the suspected leaders were ever captured and none were punished. By an act of Congress the White River Utes were later moved to a reservation in Utah and the White River massacre became a closed chapter in the history of the West.

"Lincoln County Men Slay Eighteen-Foot Rattler!" read the headlines. Juan Baca and Mike Gonzales deserve the fame they earned—but not for shooting a snake!

"Eighteen Feet, Six Inches!"

Vic Lamb

Mike Gonzales and Juan Baca display the skin of the "giant rattler."

By JOE PIRES

THE LONGEST rattlesnake on record was eight-feet, one-inch long. That is, until June 10, 1960, when two Ruidoso, New Mexico, ranch hands killed and skinned an eighteen-and-one-half-footer. On July 1, 1960, the longest rattlesnake on record was *still* eight-feet, one-inch long, and the two ranch hands, Juan Baca and Mike Gonzales, were famous all over the West as two of the biggest liars since the days of Buttermilk Smith.

While the going was good, Baca and Gonzales had everybody fooled—a tough feat in Lincoln County, where old-timers specialize in tall tales for the benefit of goggle-eyed tourists. Newspapers and television stations all over the United States were broadcasting the news and Vic Lamb, editor of the *Ruidoso News*, was besieged with telephone calls and letters from as far away as New York and Canada.

The two men came into Ruidoso one morning with the monster-rattler's skin and a tall story people wanted to believe so badly that they discarded their ordinary skepticism about such things and embraced it with a fervor. Two old-time Lincoln County residents, convinced the skin actually belonged to a giant rattlesnake, in turn convinced Lamb the snake was "for real" and the *News* editor ran the followng account in his periodical.

TWO Lincoln County men made headlines across the nation last week when a story broke on the wires of news associations that they had killed a rattlesnake eighteen-and-one-half feet in length.

"The killing took place two weeks ago and for the first few days they did not tell anyone about the event, and then when they did relate their experience, their friends called them liars. Only after one of the pair, who had worked with W. A. Hart here for several years, told Hart about the monster did any publicity leak out.

"The two men were Juan Baca and Mike Gonzales. Baca killed the snake with eight shots from a seven millimeter Remington rifle. His friend, who had used all of his stock of only four bullets in his .30-30 Winchester, and missed every time because of buck fever—stood nearest the snake. The two men said they had been scouting for a place to pasture some burros when they walked into a dry lake bed on a ranch about ten miles northwest of Carrizozo. Mike, the first to see the snake, said he first thought the ground was moving up and down, and when his eyes became adjusted to the sight—he saw it was a monstrous serpent. He said he was within ten or twelve feet, and that he fired his rifle as rapidly as he could, but that he was so shaken and scared he could not hit it. 'When the snake raised its head, it was about four or five feet off the ground; it hissed at me, but it didn't sound like an ordinary snake's hissing—it sound like "aaaahh".'

"Juan, who was about 200 feet from the snake, was afraid they would be attacked, so he maneuvered so his friend was not in range and he began firing the seven millimeter rifle, shooting eight times. 'I hit the snake every time. Whenever a bullet would hit him, smoke would rise,' Juan said. (The 'smoke' evidently was dust.) 'I shot for his backbone so he couldn't move. Every one of the eight bullets went into the body and none came out on the other side,' he declared.

"'When the snake began thrashing about, it raised a cloud of dust like a herd of stampeding horses,' Baca said. After several minutes, when they determined the snake was dead, they discussed trying to bring it with them, but their pick-up truck was about a mile from the scene. 'It was so heavy we couldn't move it, and we didn't think a horse could.' (Probably because a horse would have shied at such a burden.) They decided to skin the snake, but fearing poison in the snake's head, they cut it off. They said the snake's fangs were as large as a man's finger and longer, and that its head was as large as a steering wheel of a car. They said you could have rammed a steering wheel into the snake's mouth.

"The snake skin has been kept in a gunny sack, and on Friday of last week they carried it to Roswell, where it was shown on the Roswell TV station at about 9:20.

"The men said they have already refused an offer of $500 for the snake's skin. They hope to make more than that from it. 'We believe people will pay to see the skin and it can be kept for many years for many people to see it, and will make somebody lots of money.'

"They have even talked about taking it to California, to Hollywood.

"The snake skin measures sixteen feet and seven inches in length and has shrunk since it was removed from the snake's body. They said the snake looked about seventeen inches across and 'as thick and as long as a telephone pole.' The rattler was a female. 'We heard around Carrizozo that there might be a mate that big. We may go back in a few weeks and hunt for it,' they said."

A REPTILE specialist was flown into Ruidoso to look at the monster. His examination revealed that the snake was not actually a rattler, but a member of the boa family. Boa constrictors in New

(Continued on page 38)

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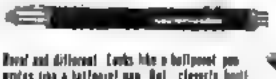

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

Buffalo Bill: The Man—The Legend

The Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) by Don Russell is this reviewer's choice for the top Western book of 1960. Here is a book that has just about everything—a flamboyant frontier hero who became a legend (while still a young man) as the subject character, a fascinating supporting cast, and one of the most exciting periods in our history. Add to these the trials and tribulations of launching a wild west show—our first and the forerunner of many—as spice and it comes as a highly entertaining biography that is also a picture of a half-century slice of American life.

Don Russell set for himself a tremendous task—the separation of fact from fiction. This is always difficult but particularly so after the years wipe out most of the witnesses and dim the memories of those left. In addition, Don was confronted with conflicting statements on several of the controversial matters made by the man himself, Buffalo Bill.

Nobody, not even Don, knows how many hundreds of hours of research preceded the actual hours it took to produce the manuscript. For example, just straightening out the so-called "autobiographies" was a chore to challenge the best of our literary sleuths. Don did it. The facts are identified and so are the legends. And of much interest is the care with which the author traced the development of several of the legends, including the off-hand way in which Cody often added to their growth.

This reviewer is slow to use the word but feels that this book fully merits the designation *definitive*. This is it on Buffalo Bill. There is a comprehensive bibliography, an adequate index, some good photographs and a list of the Buffalo Bill Dime Novels. Highly recommended.

High Adventure

The Lives of Ellis P. Bean (University of Texas Press, $4.50) by Bennet Lay is a saga of high adventure on the Southwestern frontier in the early 1800's. Bean was a member of Philip Nolan's last horse-hunting (?) expedition to Texas. Nolan was killed in March, 1801, by the Spanish troops and the survivors of his little band were captured and marched off to Mexico. Bean was one of the captives and he spent his next dozen years as a prisoner, much of it in solitary confinement for his attempts to escape.

Despite the close watch kept over him by the Spanish, he made friends and learned the language. He fought in the Mexican War for Independence; his knowledge of powder-making was of much help to the Mexican Army. As an envoy of Mexico he returned to the United States to seek help for the patriots just in time to lend Andy Jackson a hand in the defense of New Orleans against the British.

He had some dealings with Jean Lafitte during this period and some help from Lafitte's buccaneers later. With Mexico free and Texas still a Mexican province, Bean started a ranch in East Texas. He married in Mexico and later married a Tennessee girl—he divided his time between Mexico and Texas and his two wives. He was in Texas at the time of the Texas Revolution but took no active part in the fighting.

Sam Houston does credit Bean with keeping the Indians in East Texas friendly during the Revolution. Bean served the Republic of Texas as Indian Agent but finally returned to the home of his wife in Mexico where he died in 1846. This is an amazing biography and the author has performed a real service in putting together the widely scattered pieces for the readers of today. Adequate notes, a good index, illustrations and maps add to the pleasure of reading this exciting narrative.

Remington's West

Frederic Remington's Own West (Dial, $7.50) was edited by the leading Remington authority, Harold McCracken, who also wrote an informative introduction for it. Despite the fact that this fine book contains 115 Remington illustrations, including a frontispiece in color, it is primarily concerned with the writings of this great artist-illustrator-sculptor. While Remington lived in the West for only one short period, he spent much of his time there seeing, learning, sketching and writing.

At times he went west at his own expense in search of material and inspiration. On other occasions he went on assignment as the illustrator for a reporter or war correspondent. Later, when the magazines learned that he was a competent reporter as well as an illustrator, he "doubled in brass" on many assignments.

This book is fairly evenly divided between writings on the Southwest and on the northern Plains. Two of the chapters are from unpublished manuscripts and this alone makes the book a must for all Remington buffs. Some of the other chapters have appeared only in magazines and are hard to find.

Remington's writings have been called "documentary." If this term is used in its broadest sense—as history of the people and times as well as the notable events—this reviewer will agree. His style is forceful but is mellowed by his love of the waning old West of the Indians, buffaloes and the open range. If you have missed Remington, the writer, in the past, now is the time for you to meet him. If you know Remington, the writer, you'll want this book, too.

There is also a beautifully bound, extra illustrated, limited edition of 167 copies signed by Harold McCracken available at $35 for a few early-birds.

(Continued on page 56)

THE ORDEAL OF GENERAL SCOTT

The huge grizzly could handle the finest fighting bull—but could he subdue two at a time?

By MARC PETERSON

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

IN APRIL OF 1853, there were many signs on the roads and trails around the flourishing mining camp of Mokelumne Hill in Calaveras County announcing the coming fight of General Scott, the celebrated bull-killing bear. The population was a motley mixture of French, Mexicans, Americans and Indians, with a few stray Chinese, Chileans and other South Americans thrown in. The town, with the exception of two or three wooden stores and gambling saloons, was all of canvas.

Bear-and-bull fights were always a part of any celebration by Mexican Californians. These were simply grisly contests between two enraged animals until one killed the other. Strangely enough, the Mexicans preferred these gory spectacles more than the Indians did, who liked the bull-fighting contests in which they themselves had a chance to participate.

The Americans inherited this dubious tradition of bear-and-bull fights as a source of entertainment. The spectacles were still occasionally staged in the 1850's around some of the more prosperous gold camps where the rabble of miners had money to spend, and popular interests ran strongly toward the bawdy and sensational.

Early Sunday afternoon, April 15, the miners began to gather at the arena, a rough but strongly-built wooden structure at the top of a nearby hill. The crowded scene was gay and brilliant. The most conspicuous objects were the shirts of the miners—red, white and blue being the fashionable colors. Bronzed and bearded faces appeared under hats of every color and description.

Revolvers and silver-handled Bowie-knives glinted in the bright sunshine, while here and there the fair sex was represented by a few Mexican women in snow-white dresses, puffing their cigarillos in delighted anticipation of the gory spectacle soon to be enacted.

On the green turf of the arena lay the hero of the day, General Scott. The General was caged and fastened to a long chain secured to a post in the center of the arena. Beneath the scaffolding on which the spectators sat were two pens, each containing a very handsome bull, obviously indignant at their confinement.

AT LAST, after a final tattoo had been beaten on a gong to make the stragglers hurry up the hill, preparations were made to start the fight. The General's cage was dragged out of the ring and when the grizzly came to the end of its chain, it was dumped upon the ground in a heap. After floundering half way around the ring, the bear began to tear up the earth with his huge fore-paws.

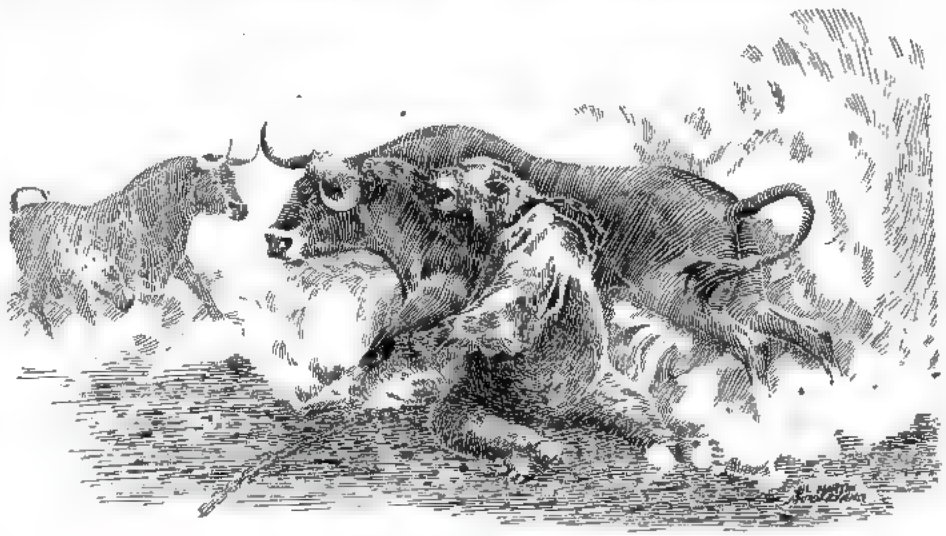
Next the bull was introduced. The bars of the pen were removed, but when the bull showed no desire to leave, several men began poking it vigorously. With a roar the animal rushed out into the arena and found itself with General Scott who, in the meantime, had scraped out a shallow hole for himself and was lying in it. The bull was a very beautiful animal of dark purple marked with white. Its horns were regular and sharp, its coat smooth and glossy as satin.

It stood for a moment inspecting the bear, the ring and the crowd and, not liking the looks of things in general, wheeled around and dashed for the safety of its pen. As the bars had already been put up to prevent this retreat, they were smashed to pieces. Again the bull was persuaded (by vicious prodding) to enter the arena and fight. After glaring at General Scott for a few minutes the bull put its head down and charged. The General calmly received the impact in a crouched position and grabbed the bull by the nose. This furious attack was greeted by tremendous applause from the spectators.

Meanwhile, the General, lying on his back, held the bull's nose firmly between his teeth and embraced it around the neck with his fore-paws, while the bull made the most of its opportunities by stamping on the General with both hind feet. Finally the General became exasperated with this treatment and, with an angry roar, shook the bull by the nose. The bull quickly scrambled to its feet and retired to the other side of the ring while General Scott again crouched down in his hole.

After standing a few minutes, the bull decided it was worth another try and again he dashed at General Scott. Again the poor General's ribs resounded from the impact, but again he seized the bull's nose and held fast. The bull, however, had had enough of this rough treatment and quickly tore loose. It was making off when the General, not wishing to part company so soon, seized a hind foot between his teeth and paws and was

(Continued on next page)



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Eighteen Feet, Six Inches!

(Continued from page 35)

Mexico! A new wave of speculation surged out from Ruidoso. Lost from a zoo? But no zoos reported any missing boa constrictors.

However, Mrs. Wiley Edgington, a resident of Albuquerque, New Mexico, after reading the "snake story" in the Albuquerque *Journal*, called that paper to report that she had discarded an old snake skin after cleaning out her summer cabin in Ruidoso. Coincidentally, the call was taken by *Journal* reporter Jim Lamb, *Ruidoso News'* editor Vic's son.

Mrs. Edgington, whose husband had died a few months before, told Jim Lamb she had hired a Mexican to haul a lot of trash—including an old boa constrictor skin—to the village dump. She believed that skin was the same one Baca and Gonzales were displaying.

The weight of evidence against them, Baca and Gonzales "confessed." They admitted they had paid ten chickens for the skin, actually believing it to be a rattler, and had shown it to Hart and others. Then they made up a good story to explain their acquisition of the skin, and let the gullible believers take over from there.

The most appropriate finis to the story was written by Gordon Greaves, editor of the Portales, New Mexico, *News-Tribune*. He wrote:

"Real Talent—Mike Gonzales and Juan Baca of Ruidoso deserve credit for lifting the news out of the summer doldrums.

"Their account of killing an eighteen-foot rattlesnake is a real contribution to Southwestern lore. It is a shame to spoil it with scientific skepticism, or even proof, but that is inevitable.

"The yarn these two intrepid explorers have brought back out of the Mal Pais country is so breathtaking that the public simply won't be convinced it isn't true.

"That forsaken country is just the setting for a modern dragon, and we've often wanted to go out looking for one ourselves. If a snake that size doesn't exist, then it is perfectly correct to invent one.

"It's a story worthy of the late Buttermilk Smith, only he would never have made the mistake of bringing in a skin as proof. His snake would have doubtless snapped up bullets as they were fired, and then would have disappeared into a cavern, after momentarily transfixing his victims with a hypnotic stare that caused them to forget where they encountered it.

"We say that Mike and Juan show a talent for the sort of stuff on which much of our literature has been based, since the days of Odysseus and Hercules, and our hat is off to them."

The Ordeal of General Scott

(Continued from page 37)

thus dragged around the ring, much to the great delight of the audience.

By now the bull had suffered severe punishment. Its nose and lips were a mass of blood, and it lay down to recover. But it was not allowed to rest very long. Men with sharp-pointed sticks jabbed at it until the animal again charged the bear. The result was the same as before and it was quite obvious that the bull had no chance at all of victory. The conductor of the performance mounted the barrier and shouted, "Hasn't this bull had a fair play?"

"Yes! Yes!" the crowd replied.

"For another $200 I will let in my second bull, and the three can fight it out until one or all are killed!"

Eighteen-and-a-half feet of "rattlesnake" skin.

LOUD CHEERS answered this proposal, and three men going around with hats soon collected the required amount. The second bull was as handsome and as large as the first. On being prodded into the arena, it seemed to understand the state of affairs at once, and rushed at General Scott who, as usual, immediately pinned the newcomer by the nose. The second bull, however, was more of a fighter than the first and, struggling violently, soon freed itself. Wheeling around, it caught the General in the hindquarters and knocked him over. The other bull thought this was a good opportunity to take a crack at his enemy, too, and he smacked him from the other side.

But after another round or two, it was obvious that even two bulls were no match for General Scott and the performance was ended. Both bulls were shot, General Scott was put back in his cage, and the crowd dispersed, all noisily agreeing that it had been a very fine show and an extremely enjoyable afternoon.

Tough old General Scott, although he survived this Sunday encounter, was killed in the next battle he fought, a few weeks later.

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Ask TRUE WEST

Editor's Note: Sure! We'll stick our necks out! You ask 'em, we'll answer any questions of wide and general int

Question: Did Chief Washakie of the Shoshone tribe ever fight against the whites?—George Kouracos, College Point, New York.
Answer: The answer is no. From the days of Lewis and Clark this tribe was friendly toward the whites. They were splendid allies in many Indian campaigns. Washakie fought valiantly. At the Rosebud he was heroic. So much was he esteemed that an army post was named in his honor.

Question: Did Harvey Logan's girl friend go with him to South America?—Ernestine Hazlitt, Santa Maria, California.
Answer: Neither Harvey Logan nor his girl friend, Annie Rogers, went to South America. You perhaps have confused Annie Rogers with Etta Place. The latter, with Longbaugh and Cassidy, cleared New York in February, 1903, on the steamer *Soldier Prince*. According to the Pinkerton files, Etta returned to the United States in 1907 to undergo surgery. The fate of Annie Rogers is not known. (See the article "Top Man of the Wild Bunch" by Calvin Glen in the Winter, 1960 FRONTIER TIMES and "The Long Long Trail" by Tana Mac in the Spring, 1961 issue.)

Question: There was a story going the rounds in early Oklahoma to the effect that in a bull ring an Indian had killed a fierce Spanish bull with a butcher knife. Did it really happen?—Doreen Richards, Harlan, Kentucky.
Answer: Yes, the fight took place in a roped-off quarter of St. Augustine, Florida, in the 1870's when the Indians were being held at Fort Marion. The Indian was the Kiowa, White Horse. The event is said to have been one of the most remarkable feats of its kind.

Question: Was Bob Ford ever tried for killing Jesse James? Did he receive the $10,000 reward?—Julius Wyneman, Los Angeles, California.
Answer: Bob Ford was not tried for killing Jesse James, but he was indicted and tried for the murder of Wood Hite, was condemned and later pardoned. Most authorities concede that Ford received around $1,200. Where it came from we do not know, for Governor Crittenden later stated that the State of Missouri did not pay a cent of the reward. As Homer Croy said, "No one know exactly."

Question: Who was the deserter at the Alamo?—Orvil Gannon, Sedalia, Missouri.
Answer: The man's name was Louis Rose, a professional soldier and immigrant, who went over the wall on the night of March 3 or early morning hours of March 4, after Travis had announced there was no chance of relief before the general assault, which was imminent. (Some authorities prefer to believe that Rose was sent out by Travis to seek help

(Continued on page 55)

Harvey Logan (Kid Curry) and his wife.

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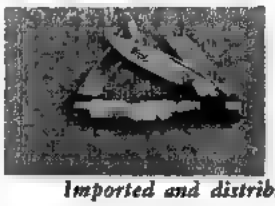

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Wild Old Days!

(Continued from page 29)

inexperienced as he was about such things, picked up a twelve-foot one-by-ten in the middle and went sailing out over the desert. He passed over Cheyenne at about 8,000 feet and landed eventually in a Platte River slough.

Another time a Rock Springs housewife hung a brand new mink coat on the clothesline to air out. Along came a wind and the mink and clothesline disappeared. A week later the mink coat turned up in a pawnshop in Laramie.

The reason so much contamination is found in Illinois, especially around Chicago, is because everything that gets contaminated in Wyoming blows straight east.

As a matter of fact, the high price of beef is due to Wyoming winds. When the wind blows, the cattle bed down to keep from being blown eastward. This cuts down their grazing time so they don't put on weight. Result—beef prices soar.

There are some places in Wyoming, however, where the wind is no problem. Take the Sheridan Valley, for instance, which lies behind the Big Horn Mountains where it's sheltered. Another place is the town of Lander, in the Pope Agie Valley, which is protected by the Wind River Mountains. Here women wear a sheath dress all summer long without getting whistled at.

But why go on endlessly? If any of you so-and-sos have any better stories about your respective states and the conditions found therein—trot 'em out.

We still got better ones in Wyoming.

BARREN LAND GRIZZLIES

By George Jennings Gale

THERE'S sure a lot of difference in bears. The Barren Land Grizzly is skinnier and more active than the Kodiak and is more of a meat-eater. This I found out by experience.

While hunting back of Healy, Alaska, a few years back I shot a moose, using a .32 Winchester Special. I packed some eighty pounds of it home that day, and the next day went back for another load. I had a 12-gauge shotgun with me just in case. It was lucky I did, because when I came upon my moose carcass there was a grizzly lying on it, chewing away. I remember how big and far apart his ears were—I would guess about eighteen inches apart.

The bear seemed unusually reticent about leaving his free meal. Had I been carrying a rifle I would have backed down, but with the 12-gauge (a repeater) I walked straight at him. Although he did not charge, he didn't leave the carcass either—until I half tore his head off with a blast from the shotgun. He wheeled and began wildly tearing up the small trees around and about. Evidently I had not shot too straight, so I walked up and shot him again. I had to, or else have a wounded bear that might stalk me through the underbrush. The second blast really tore his head to shreds.

I didn't get scared until I started to think about how deadly that monster could have been. The Barren Land Grizzly can move very fast for a short distance and has so much power he is really dangerous. I think if I'd known he was there before I left home, I'd left him to his meal and gone after another moose for myself!

William C. Fallon in 1903.

The Lost Crazy Woman Mine

(Continued from page 31)

it was gone and she found herself on foot in a strange and fearful land.

About noon that day Tucker overtook her and administered a "whupping" she would never forget. She was so beaten up that she could not walk.

"We'll stay here tonight," Tucker said, "and if you're still as helpless by morning as you are now I'll simply have to kill you and go back alone. You're no good to me alive anyway."

While she lay suffering, he rode off to look for the stray horse, but failed to find it.

That night as he lay asleep, she crawled to his rifle, cocked it and thrust the muzzle against the back of his head. After the gun fired, Tucker threshed around for a while, then lay still.

She regretted her act later, but it was the only escape she knew from a brutal beast who might kill her at any moment.

When daybreak came she saddled Tucker's horse and headed east once more. Because the rifle was a muzzle-loader and she did not know how to recharge it, she left it by the body.

Four days later, near starvation and lost, she met three Ute Indians who agreed to lead her back to Golden provided she would give them her horse.

On the second day, Golden was sighted and she was put afoot. The Indians rode off with her saddle pony.

Fearful of being charged with murder, Mrs. Tucker told a story of becoming lost from her husband and wandering for days. It was best, she decided, not to speak of the gold strike Tucker had made because if a flock of gold seekers swarmed into the region, they might find her husband's body and suspect her.

She kept her secret for two months, then apparently realized she was going insane. Her fear of the mountains and the privations she had suffered had left her mind in a state of turmoil. Finally she simply had to tell someone.

THE someone to whom she told her story was the wife of Thomas Gibson, editor of the *Western Mountaineer*, for whom her first husband had worked.

Gibson sent four men to look for the body, with instructions to extend their search for the gold ledge in the event

the body was not found. Meanwhile the whole thing was kept a secret.

The searchers remained in the mountains for three weeks. When their provisions ran out, they came back, empty-handed.

Gibson went over Mrs. Tucker's story several times in private interviews with her, but could never get from her any detailed account of her trip out of the mountains. She had been completely turned around and likely would never have reached Golden had it not been for the helpful Indians.

Because Mrs. Tucker had become insane, her story was discredited. There never had been any proof to substantiate it. True, Tucker had vanished from his former haunts, but that could happen to any jackass prospector. He likely had seen his wife's mental condition coming on and had taken off. Little credence was given her story of having shot him to death.

Thirty-six years passed.

In early June of 1896, two old prospecting partners, Mo Ginsberg and Cantankerous Smith (the only names they ever used), came upon some bleached bones and an old muzzle-loader so encrusted with rust that the name of the manufacturer, the model and the caliber had been corroded. Nearby was a human skull that had been pierced from the back with a bullet, conclusive evidence of murder.

Also picked up among the bones were three pieces of quartz so heavily streaked with gold that the prospectors thought they had discovered a bonanza. However, a thorough search of the immediate area disclosed no further sign of quartz. The three pieces of ore appeared to have been brought there from elsewhere, probably on the murdered man's person.

The discovery was made fifteen miles west of Sheep Mountain in southern Gunnison County.

When the prospectors took the ore to an assayer in Telluride, he became excited and wanted to know where they had found it. His assay ran $2,700 to the short ton and created a sensation. The ore out of the famous Smuggler Mine ran only $1,200 to the ton.

For months after that southern Gunnison County had plenty of prospectors. They ranged as far north in their search as the Yampa River, but no strikes were made. Gradually the fever subsided and it was not until 1903 that anyone again became interested in the story of what was now called the lost Crazy Woman Mine.

WILLIAM C. Fallon had been a resident of Telluride at the time the prospectors found the skull and rusted rifle, but had moved to Durango in 1901, where he rented a house for himself and family. He was a mining promoter in Telluride but when he moved to Durango, he switched over to locating settlers on public lands.

One morning a tree snake tumbled from a limb onto the Fallon residence and crawled into the attic. Mrs. Fallon would not rest until it was found and destroyed. The attic was full of old newspapers, magazines and whatnot stored there by the former tenants and the Fallons, having no use for an attic, had not cleaned it out.

While looking for the snake, Fallon's eyes happened to settle upon a newspaper page yellow with age and so brittle it was coming apart. He noticed a story about a woman named Dora Tucker who had confessed to killing her husband and

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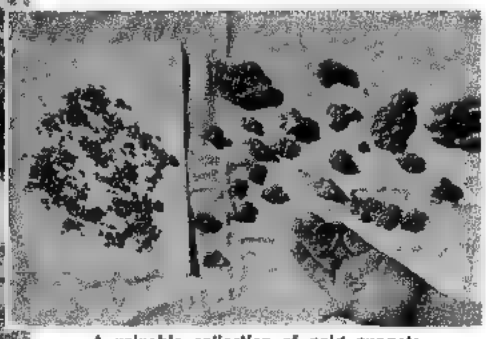

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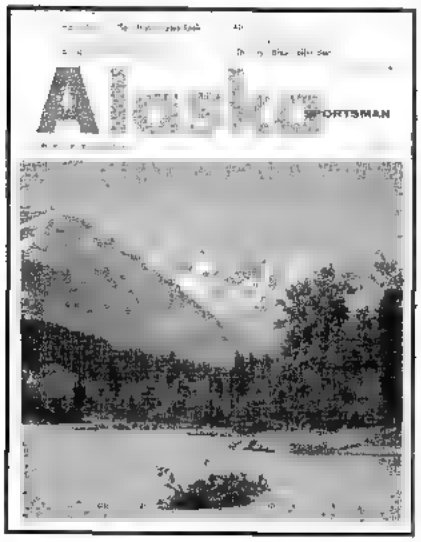

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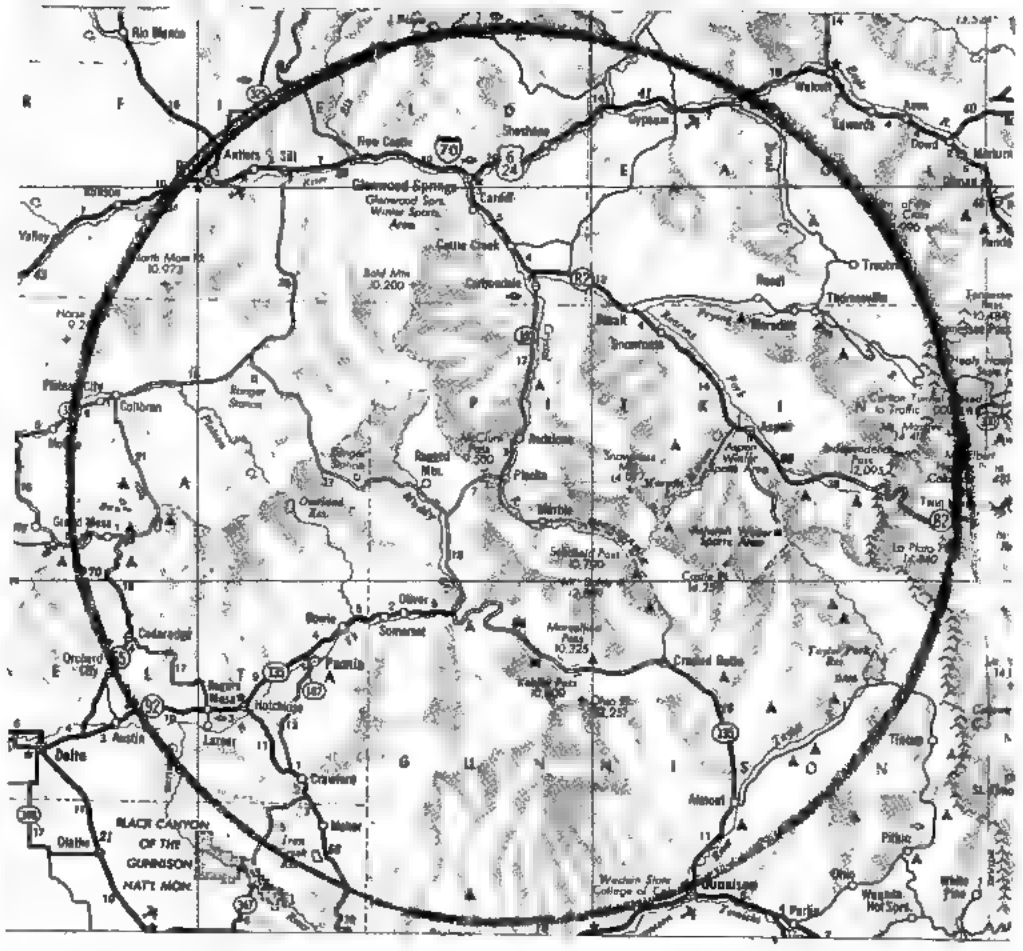

The lost Crazy Woman Mine is located somewhere within this circle.

leaving his body in the mountains, her excuse being that she had feared for her life.

With great interest Fallon read the account, realizing that here for the first time was corroborative evidence that Mrs. Tucker's story was not simply a figment of her imagination, as so many said it was, but the absolute truth. Forty-three years had passed since she had ridden into Golden in a state of mental collapse. In that length of time, almost two generations, her story had been completely forgotten. But here, in the old newspaper, was the connecting link.

The printed page bore no identification of the name or date of the newspaper from which it apparently had been torn, other than the page numbers, which were three and four. But Fallon gathered from reading the account that it had appeared in a Golden newspaper; the only paper printed in Golden in 1860 was the *Western Mountaineer*. The story mentioned that Mrs. Tucker's former husband, George Cyre, had been a printer and worked in Golden. It was never definitely established that the page was from the *Western Mountaineer*. However, old-timers remembered that the *Mountaineer* had printed the story at length.

It mattered little to Fallon which paper had published it. At the moment he was fired with new enthusiasm, for it now appeared that the story of the lost Crazy Woman Mine was indeed authentic and he was resolved to organize an expedition to search for it.

Fallon interested a neighbor, Marvin Brown, in the project and in August of that year, 1903, the two of them set out well supplied with provisions. They hunted until late October but came home empty-handed, as they were to come home many times thereafter.

It was reasonable to assume that a tunnel would have caved in during the forty-three years that had intervened, and there might not be any visible evidence of its former existence remaining, yet there had undoubtedly been a refuse dump where the muck from the tunnel had been deposited, and this the eye could not miss. But search as they did for two months, Fallon and Brown covered only a small portion of the vast area involved. They marked on a map all the ground they had covered and resolved to have another go at it come spring.

During the next seven or eight years they spent eleven months covering ground they had not covered before, and then Brown was forced to drop out because of ill health.

Fallon, in the years that followed, made several more trips into the Colorado wilds, but in 1923 over-exertion brought on a heart attack while he was in the field with his son George, then twenty-four.

After his father died in 1931, George Fallon and a friend resumed the search. They have not gone back every year but have made a total of eleven trips into the region. If the lost Crazy Woman is to be found, it seems reasonable to assume that George will find it, for when he goes back this summer, he will be covering the last few square miles of the probable discovery area. The rest has all been looked over in previous years. He has all the maps his father made, blotting out the areas investigated, as well as his own maps made in recent years, and there is only one possibility left, it seems, and that is the area yet to be checked off. Just where this region lies, George will not say.

LICENSED TO UNZ

Battle with the Squaws

(Continued from page 25)

I observed that the guides were all out watching but I didn't stop to speak. Down at the old logging road crossing, I stopped my car and waited to see if I were being followed or spied upon. I could see no one, so took the chance and turned my car up the embankment onto the old grade. In half an hour's traveling I was opposite to where Jake's float should be located.

Turning the car back in the direction I had come, I set the brakes, locked the door, and took with me a high-powered binocular down through the timber to the lake. I had figured correctly and came out close to the float-house. I concealed myself in a large clump of brush on the shore.

I had hardly got located when a heavy smoke burst forth from both stove-pipes on the float. The weather was too warm for fires, so I figured it to be a signal.

Watching carefully through the glass, I located a canoe leaving the opposite shore and paddling toward the eastern bank. When the canoe was halfway across the lake, I was able to identify the occupant as a large and very dark man. I knew then that I had outwitted the squaws and this was the man I wanted.

Jake headed toward the float and as he approached, would occasionally stop paddling and look carefully in all directions before coming on. As his canoe neared the float, I began working my way up the shore until I was close to the bridge by the time he landed on the float. Jake looked all around, then tied his canoe and went inside. I ran across the bridge, kicked the door open and entered the shack right behind him. I didn't want to kill him if I could help it, but Jake was a big, powerful man and if I couldn't handle him I might have to shoot him.

As I kicked the door in, Jake whirled toward me. Before he knew what was up I had the cuffs on his wrists. But not behind his back where they should be, for I knew I was not man enough to put them there. Big as he was, I believed I

The author. The photo was taken the year after his adventure with big Jake and the fighting squaws.

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So, in a person-to-person, non-governmental crusade, we seek to enlist 100 INDIAN FIGHTERS who will fight for a people who fought the world's most hopeless battle—the American Indians. They desperately need such everyday things as aspirin, eye drops, salves, band aids, gauze, adhesive tape, rubbing alcohol, mentholatum, vaseline, vitamins, iodine, baby powder, talc, toothpaste, toothbrushes and soap. They will be very happy to receive and wear any odds and ends of new clothing or shoes or boots in children's or adult sizes. Canned goods, dried foods, pens, pencils, tablets, crayons, paints, paint books, good books for young people—in fact there is no limit, either in quantity or kind, as to what the Navajos do need and can use right now.

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Lake Quinault Lodge

could handle him with the cuffs on his wrists. I came dangerously close to being wrong.

JAKE began yelling and cursing and trying to break the handcuffs apart. He shouted to the squaws, *"Is-kum koll-i-peen, is-kum koll-i-peen!"* (Get the gun! Get the gun!) Understanding Chinook no doubt saved my life at this point. The squaws ran toward the bed with me after them. I struck one of the squaws across the arms as she dragged a double-barreled shotgun from beneath the covers. My blow not only knocked the gun from her hands but caused it to discharge, tearing a big hole in the bed.

Jake had followed me, roaring like a mad bull. He reached me, raised both hands high and smashed down with the handcuffs on my head, knocking me to the floor and cutting a two-inch gash in my scalp. Blood pouring down my face and into my eyes nearly blinded me. Dizzy and nearly unconscious, I rolled over on my back to find Jake standing over me trying to reach the gun. With all the strength I had left I kicked him in the groin and put him permanently out of the fight.

I sat up—and a canoe paddle caught me edgewise just above the right ear and dropped me again. I was not completely out and through a bright flash of light as my face hit the floor, I saw a moccasined foot close to my head. Grasping the foot I tried to twist it off. The owner of the foot howled and fell over a bench. I struggled to my feet just

Lake Quinault. Jake had his float house across the lake. near the place campfire smoke is visible in the photo.

in time to receive a canoe pole across the back of my neck, wielded by the other squaw. Down I went again. I got up shakily—and the first squaw dived at me with a big salmon knife. By the look on her face I knew I was fighting for my life, for the old girl meant business!

I parried her thrust with my left arm, getting only a small cut along the forearm. I aimed my right fist for her chin and threw the punch as hard as I could. She fell over a box, knocked the three-legged stove over, and went to sleep on the floor. Now the other squaw was coming at me with a fish spear. I ducked the spear, and knocked her out with a belt on the jaw.

Leaving both squaws on the floor, I grabbed Jake by the collar and dragged him out the open door and across the bridge. He was struggling so hard I nearly lost him in the water. On shore, he either passed out or pretended to. I nudged him in the ribs a few times to assure myself that he was out. I felt bushed now and sat down to rest and smoke a cigarette. That done, I filled an old bucket with water and poured it over Jake's head. That woke him up fast! I kicked him in the rump and made him stand up. On his feet, he claimed he couldn't stand or walk. I prodded him with the muzzle of my gun and made him walk ahead of me.

I was getting pretty weak from loss of blood by this time and was glad to find that I had turned the car around before leaving it. With an abundance of "gentle" language, I finally got Jake in the front seat with me and we started down the grade. A short while later I caught Jake slyly watching me and realized he was not badly hurt and was only watching for a chance to catch me off-guard.

We reached the highway, and five miles down the road came to a camp where several shingle-bolt men were working. I stopped and asked for help. My clothing was soaked with blood, my shoes were full of it, and the car looked like a slaughter-house. I was beginning to get dizzy spells and it was hard for me to keep my mind on business.

One of the men kindly offered to drive the car to Hoquiam but was afraid that I might pass out, leaving him with both Jake and me to take care of. I talked to the foreman and he consented to go along. I handed him my gun, telling him to sit behind Jake and shoot him if he made a move.

At Hoquiam we drove to the police station, and I turned Jake over to the Hoquiam police, asking that they notify the Federal officers in Seattle and also call the Indian Agent and tell him we had Jake locked up.

The police took Jake and put him away. By that time I was in pretty rough shape, so a police officer drove me to the hospital. At the hospital the doctor sewed my scalp-wound. I was given a bath, my bloody clothes and shoes were sent to the cleaner, and I was sent home.

The next morning the two Federal officers returned and took Jake with them to Seattle, where he was placed in jail to await trial.

Now that Jake was a prisoner, the Indians volunteered all the information they had. Jake was convicted and sentenced to a life term in the penitentiary. He was taken to the pen at Walla Walla, Washington, where he was rated a very bad inmate for some time.

Later he was converted, joined the church, and became a model prisoner.

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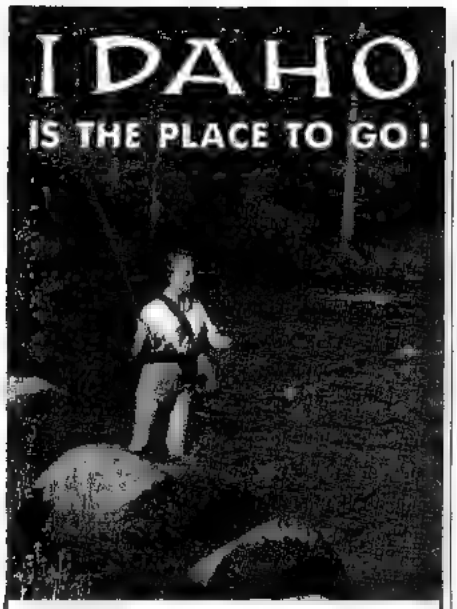

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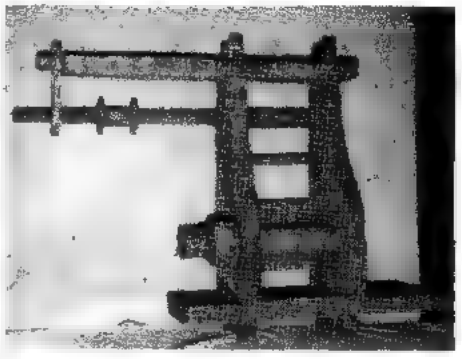
Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

can't figure out. It was bought at a sale as a piece of junk.

I'll try to explain a little bit about it. This whatever-you-call-it is made by hand and is all wood—all the joints are fastened by wood pegs. The square-looking block of wood in the middle might be a foot pedal.

We have this thing at home and would like all the information we could have on it.—Clif Doyle, Dakota City, Iowa.



Editor's Note: Hmmm. It looks like something my mother-in-law gave me for Christmas one year. Even my horse couldn't figure it out.

Bouquet

Dear Mr. Small:

"Buffalo Hunt" (January-February TRUE WEST) by Dr. Walter Prescott Webb is another proof of the fine service you are doing in preserving the true history of the West.

The illustrations predate any that I know of in the field. The story covers all phases of the buffalo industry at its earliest date, as to hides, tongues and meat. I hope you can have further pictures of this interesting era of the West. This issue will really be a collector's item.—Fred R. Cotten, 208 East Oak Street, Weatherford, Texas.

Dutchman's Gold Not Really a Mine?

Editors, TRUE WEST:

Doggone it! I'm getting tired of all this hooey in newspapers and other publications about so many good citizens being murdered in the Superstitions looking for the Lost Dutchman Mine. All this uproar about the laxity of Arizona laws and law enforcement officers gives me a fast burn. There's nothing wrong with either.

I've tried to track down some facts on authenticated murders in the Superstitions but there are so many different versions that I have ruled ninety-nine percent of them fictional. To blame the so-called murders on the Apaches is a mighty low blow—in fact, it's downright silly. The Apaches of San Carlos Reservation are too darn busy in their fields and being the best cattlemen in Arizona for such foofarah.

Now for just one more angle on the Lost Dutchman's gold.

Fay Ward, from Scottsdale, Arizona, has explored the Superstitions and looked up all the data available on the mine. He learned that Walzer, the Dutchman, was on the payroll of the Goldfield Mine at the time he made his big discovery. He was a lone wolf and spent his time prospecting around the west nose of the Superstitions.

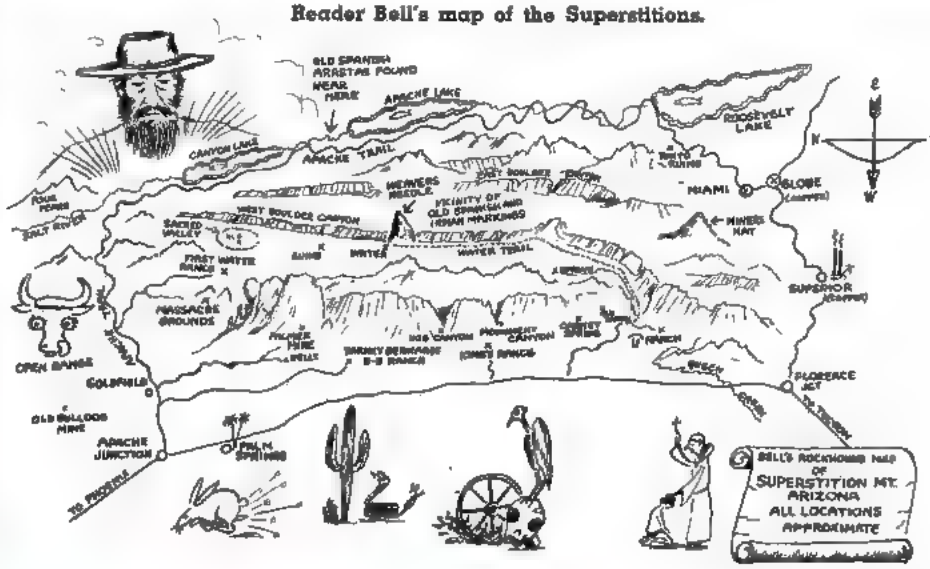
About a mile-and-a-half from our house is the historical massacre grounds where a burro train of Peralta's Mexican miners were ambushed and massacred by the Indians. This spot is not far from so-called Garden Valley, a natural amphitheatre, which, judging from pictographs on the cliffs and natural altar stones, the ancient Apaches must have held sacred to their gods.

It is a known fact that the Spaniards did extensive mining on the Salt River near Tortilla Flats. Old and much worn arrastas testify to the truth thereof.

It is natural to assume that the burro trains of milled gold would follow the water trail through Superstition, past Weaver's Needle and emerge onto the desert toward the Gila River and on to Mexico.

Now, it is Ward's theory, and I believe it to be as good or better than any other I've heard, that this burro train laden with gold, fresh from the arrastas, was headed up the water trail. Somewhere near Garden Valley they got wind that the Indians were waiting for them. They left the trail and tried to skirt around the nose of the mountain and gain the flat country somewhere near where Goldfield now stands; however, they were run down near the small buttes that mark the massacre grounds. Either the Mexicans tried to cover the gold with

Reader Bell's map of the Superstitions.



dirt and hurry on or they were caught in the act and massacred and the Indians covered it to keep the White Eyes from locating it. Skeletons of men and burros were found scattered all over the spot.

Many years later, wind, rains and erosion uncovered the glittering pile and the Dutchman plodding around stumbled onto it.

In 1947, while having an exhibition at the San Marcos in Chandler, Arizona, I met an eastern schoolteacher. She was interested in my pen sketches of Superstition and told me quite a story. Her grandfather was a prospector and lived in a cabin near the nose of Superstition. According to her story, her grand-dad was one of the few friends of the Dutchman. At the time he was bringing out the gold he would occasionally stop to rest or eat at her grandfather's cabin. Her grand-dad knew the Dutchman but never pressed him for knowledge or tried to follow him. She said when the Dutchman left the cabin he would always strike out in a different direction. It is a known fact that he was very clever in foiling those gold-hungry ones who tried to follow him and there were those too-eager ones who died from lead poisoning.

Well, I've said my piece and must be a-gittin'. I know where the gold is—or what's left of it. *I've got a map!* Anybody want to join me?—L. J. Bell, Apache Junction, Arizona.

Epilogue for Old Posey

Dear Sirs:

Robert S. Mikkelsen's interesting article, "The Indian War Nobody Knows," served as a reminder that to many of the old-timers the days of Indian troubles were only yesterday. Incidentally, Old Posey's luck ran out in 1923, eight years after his big war with the U. S. Government. After twenty years of hell-raising in southeastern Utah, Posey met his come-uppance when he and his band assisted two Paiutes, who had been arrested for robbing a sheep camp, to escape.

A posse was raised and pursued the Indians for several days. After killing one of the Indians, the posse captured the rest of the band. Posey, badly wounded, escaped, but only to die alone in a cave on Comb Ridge. Defiant to the end, the old chief stuffed weeds in his wounds and was facing the posse when death came.—Euan J. Parker, 5800-B Harr Avenue, Fort Carson, Colorado.

Nellie, Not Lilly!

Dear Mr. Stout:

Thank you for the copies of TRUE WEST that came a few days ago.

This I do hate to do, but I must call your attention to two errors: Miss Nellie Cashman never did change even her last name and I am certain that she would resist, most heartily, the changing of her first name to "Lilly."

The picture you show is not the interior of the Crystal Palace Saloon. The picture you printed is vaguely familiar to me and I believe it is one of the lesser famous saloons from early day Tombstone. The Crystal Palace Saloon has windows all along the right side and the back bar was so much more elaborate. When I check and prove to my satisfaction which bar you have pictured I will drop you a line.

This photo is authentic and shows the window looking toward Allen Street; the Fifth Street side was the one with windows all the way along the east wall.

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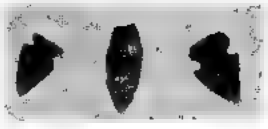

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I got a big bang out of "Pioneer Beauty Secrets." This is a subject of great interest to me as we have an Old Fashioned Fashion Show every year during our Helldorado, which was held last year October 21, 22 and 23.—Ruth G. Elam, Secretary, Tombstone Chamber of Commerce, Tombstone, Arizona.

Editor's Note: We apologize to Nellie and all her fans for the typographical error changing her name. The Crystal Palace photo, incidentally, was from official files (even the experts make mistakes!). Tombstoner Elam very kindly contributed many of the fine photos for the Tombstone story which appeared in the November-December issue of TRUE WEST, for which we again thank her very kindly.

Reprint Early Issues!

Dear People,

You've asked for readers' opinions on several different things lately, so here come a bunch of answers.

The more Indian legends, customs, lore, costuming, dancing or history you print, the happier we are. My husband and I are both quite interested in this field and can't get enough of it.

Concerning reprints of issues two and three of TW: if you can, by all means reprint them—the articles should be available to people other than exceedingly wealthy collectors. Incidentally, it is a great shame that you are not getting a share of the money now being shelled out to dealers for those early issues. At $10.00 to $30.00 an issue, your money problems would soon be over.—Carolyn Dietz, 711 North Reese Place, Burbank, California.

Defines Lost Mines

Dear Joe:

The February issue of TW contains a statement about "lost" mines which presupposes that a "lost" mine must be a mine. A "lost" mine generally has not the slightest connection with a mine. It is generally a vein, ledge, lode, prospect hole, placer or even a piece of float. Its only requirement is that it be rich enough that a man could make it pay without its being a commercial mine. To expect to find a dump alongside a "lost" mine is ridiculous. If that were the case, it would not be "lost"—unless it were in an impenetrable wilderness or in complete isolation like the jungles of South America and Africa. I cannot conceive of any place in the U. S. being so isolated.

In a few cases like the Lost Dutchman, the Lost Eagle Feather, Lost Adams, etc., where the Indians are supposed to have removed the evidences of mining, there would, of course, be no dump. What do you think?—A. J. Stewart, 2922 164th Street, Flushing 58, New York.

Editor's Note: I think I'd like to find one, whatever it's called.

Rodeos—or Old West?

Dear Mr. Small:

I just became a fan of your magazines after I started working for Bob Lee. In looking through your February issue of TRUE WEST I got an idea. It probably isn't original, but I thought I would ask.

You have quite a few stories of lost gold mines, famous battles, and gunmen. Have you forgotten the modern West? I am quite a rodeo fan and know many of the cowboy contestants. Most of them are cowboys, not gunsels. Rodeos are getting to be "a big thing" nowadays. Many of the rodeos are now including the Girls' Barrel Race.

Rodeos are not as tame as most folks may think. I was at the rodeo last year in Phoenix, Arizona, and at least four cowboys were injured and one of the most famous rodeo clowns was put in the hospital.

I think you should cover the rodeos, and give the public authentic information on them.—Betty J. White, 9130 Lakeview Rd., Lakeside, California.

What do the rest of you readers think? We here at Western Publications would like to have your opinions. Rodeos certainly are and always have been a part of the West, and many famous names have appeared in rodeo circuits. Would you like to see stories about what's happening these days at the many rodeos put on all over the country, or would such coverage detract from our efforts to present the West of an earlier day?

A Clue on Cody

Dear Sir:

In regard to the photograph of Col. W. F. Cody beside the stagecoach at North Platte, Nebraska (September-October TW), I pass along this information. It was my privilege some years ago to visit the present owner of Cody's old ranch near North Platte, Henry Kuhlman. The old Cody home has been kept as the Colonel left it. There were once two large barns near the house, but only one remains. The other was destroyed by fire—perhaps the picture shows a coach that was burned when this happened.

"Hold it! What's the first thing I taught you?"

In the one large barn that remains are the fine box stalls for Cody's horses, and above them the original posters of Cody, Annie Oakley, and the Wild West Show.

I also saw the blacksmith shop, Cody's wine cellar and other buildings. Henry Kuhlman told me that when he purchased the property one barn contained one of Cody's stagecoaches. Without his consent, this coach was taken to North Platte, Nebraska, and used in parades during the annual Buffalo Bill Roundup. It was never returned again.

Henry Kuhlman and his sons are cattlemen and do not allow sightseers on the ranch. As a neighbor from Nebraska, however, I was lucky and got to visit it. —Frank E. Dixon, Box 906, Circle HF Ranch, Mt. Shasta, California.

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Joaquin Miller

Dear Joe:

Few readers of Joaquin Miller's poetry know how close he came to death in 1852 at the hands of Sam Lockhart.

Sam and his twin brother, Henry, were owners of a ferry across the Pit River. That winter, while Sam was absent in Shasta, some Indians made a raid and killed Henry and all the white settlers in the vicinity of the ferry. His brother's death practically turned Sam into a fiend. He began drinking and vowed to devote the rest of his life to the discovery and slaughter of every Indian who had anything to do with the murder.

He carried out his threat until his very name was a terror to all the Indians within hundreds of miles. He was a wanderer, and could not be restrained by law or the entreaties of his friends.

On one of his expeditions he met Joaquin Miller, whom he suspected of complicity in his brother's slaying. Lacking enough proof to justify killing Miller on sight, Sam marched him to Yreka and a consultation with Judge Roseborough, in whose judgment Lockhart had great confidence. It was only with difficulty that the judge, then only a practicing lawyer in Yreka, persuaded Sam he was mistaken in his suspicions. Roseborough told Miller to be perfectly frank and truthful and Sam, after cross-examining the suspect with precision that would have done credit to a criminal prosecutor, was satisfied with his innocence and permitted him to leave.

Poor Sam continued in his lawless course until he met a bloody death in Idaho while engaged in a mining dispute. —Bertram Handelsman, 3401 West Commonwealth Avenue, Fullerton, California.

Remembers Zack

Gentlemen:

I am always anxious to read each and every copy of TRUE WEST. Your article on the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch was very interesting to me, because Mr. Zack T. Miller bought steers, lambs and mutton from our ranch thirty years ago. He shipped this stock to Oklahoma to feed the state prisoners. Zack Miller had one "squinch" eye and always wore his pants legs inside his boot tops. I could sit up until after midnight each night listening to him relate his show and ranch experiences. He told us many humorous happenings on the 101 Ranch while Will Rogers was one of his hands. We regretted to hear of his departure from this life. I understand he was injured while loading a bunch of wild horses down in Texas. The horses turned on him, some even running over his body, injuring him internally. We heard that he failed to recover because of damage to his liver.

I was raised in the sheep and cattle business and this old-time rancher always attracted my attention wherever and whenever we met.—Russell G. Welborn, Route 8, Box 177, DeRidder, Louisiana.

High-Salaried Sheriff

Dear Bob—

I found Gary Robert's article "Was Wyatt Earp Really a Deputy U. S. Marshal?" (January-February TRUE WEST) indeed interesting. I am convinced Earp *was* a deputy U. S. marshal. I also believe he was shielded by this badge for other activities in which he probably participated. This would not be unusual; law officers were hard-pressed by envious individuals for their jobs. It has been written that Sheriff Behan was a $40,000-a-year man. A little difference in today's take-home pay, wouldn't you say?

We thought Joe Grandee's cover on the December issue of TW was one of his best, if not his best, work to date.—George Moline, Decorah, Iowa.

Fig Tree John

(Continued from page 19)

adventurer sets out to find the "lost" gold mine of Fig Tree John.

Around 1910 Fig Tree acquired a buggy, which from then on he and his wife used on their trips into town and to the various Indian ceremonies. At some earlier period he had acquired the impressive costume which he always wore to such celebrations. This consisted of an ancient uniform with large buttons with "Connecticut" on them and a battered old top hat.

Where he acquired these astonishing garments is one of the Fig Tree mysteries. Some say that he had once acted as guide for Fremont and was presented with the outfit at the conclusion of his employment. His son, Johnny Mack, claimed that the clothes were given to his father at an Indian meeting of some sort in Los Angeles.

Ridiculous as this costume sounds, old Fig Tree wore it with the utmost dignity and aplomb. Naturally he was in constant demand for photographs and sketches and from this source he was able to add somewhat to his income.

THE OLD MAN tried to impress visitors with his importance as a chieftain, the vastness of his domain and his absolute rule over it. His sweeping gestures would take in the waterless stretches of wilderness to the south of Rabbit Peak in the lower Santa Rosa range, and east to the Salton Sea.

He was quick to resent infringement of his "authority." At one time he built a barbed-wire fence around his spring. When a man came one day and camped nearby, helping himself to the water, Fig Tree promptly ordered him to stay outside the fence. The man refused. Fig Tree went for his rifle, the piece being totally incapable of detonating a cartridge. The intruder drew his own gun, which, in contrast, was completely operative.

"Put that blunderbuss away, old man, and don't point it at me!"

Fig Tree lowered the relic and retreated.

The old man could be kind when he wanted to be. One day a youth, lost on the desert, crept into Fig Tree's hovel half dead from exhaustion. Fig Tree nursed him for a week until he was back on his feet, then took him to Mecca on a horse.

Another time, Fig Tree set a line of mesquite posts along what he considered his north boundary and forbade even those of his own race to cross it. He backed up his authority with the antique .44-40.

He bartered with housewives in the Oasis district, trading what he raised in his garden for staples, and many noted that he always came out best. When he had nothing to trade, he simply ask for what he wanted, and usually got it.

Fig Tree had one bit of undeniable logic. He said that white men were like flies. "You fight one off and another comes."

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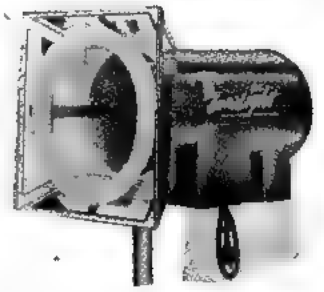

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Fig Tree died on the reservation at Martinez on April 11, 1927, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery there. There has been much speculation as to how old he was at his death. Mrs. Nina Paul Shumway, in her excellent article about Fig Tree John which appeared in *Desert Magazine*, January, 1941, remarked that his feet, rather than his face, were indicative of great age. They "were horny and splayed like an eagle's."

The author continues to wonder at what age an old Indian becomes a hundred. The century mark seems but the beginning of old age for a patriarch of that race. As for Fig Tree John, how long he lived is not as important as the way he lived, becoming a legend in his own time.

The Indomitable Francis Parkman

(Continued from page 12)

other's rights; unwritten laws were observed to the fullest and there was no adultery. All of this made the Indian, in spite of his lack of education, a more acceptable human being than his white brothers some of whom, if not restrained by authority, would rape, steal and kill his own kind.

Customs and habits of the redman in his primitive state composed the bulk of Parkman's writings. After more than 100 years no one has come up with more answers to the enigma of the American Indian than he did. He so understood the savage mind that he could walk into any strange camp without fear of losing his hair. There was something about his way of approaching them that won their admiration and friendship. At that early date most tribes were still friendly to the whites, who had not yet begun the great migration westward. Hostilities had already developed, however, among the Pawnees and Comanches and a few Crows who resented the white man's invasion of their lands.

On one occasion, Parkman rode boldly into a Pawnee village and in a few minutes had established friendly relations with the chief. This so amazed Chatillon, the guide, that he suspected Parkman of possessing supernatural powers.

The nights spent in smoke-filled tepees did nothing for Parkman's eyes except to make them worse, and the kind of food he had to eat did something to his stomach that upset his entire nervous system. Yet he insisted on continuing the journey.

One day when a stray Indian dog joined the Parkman party, Parkman heaved up his breakfast. "Get that animal out of my sight," he told Chatillon. "I've eaten the flesh of so many dogs I can't stand the sight of them." For the rest of his life he was to shun dogs. If he saw one coming his way, he would detour round it. But nowhere in his writings did he ever mention his aversion to dogs. Neither did he inject much levity into his books, although he had a strong sense of humor and was constantly making tart remarks to his fellow travelers. His writings were all in a serious vein and had not it been for the retentive capacities of Shaw's brain, much of Parkman's ready wit would have been lost to posterity.

At the foot of the Rockies, when they came to an emigrant camp, Parkman gave up. He was too weak to go on. But he made the best of it by talking all day long with a group of guides returning to St. Louis. From them he learned all he could about the rest of the trail which he now believed he would never see. Like the good reporter he was, he obtained enough firsthand information from the experienced guides to fill his requirements and then turned back, but not over the same route. Parkman wanted to go back by way of Pueblo and Bent's Fort, then along the Arkansas River to the Westport cutoff.

"That's a tough journey," Shaw told him. "I wouldn't advise it. It would be easier returning the way we came."

"There is just as much ground to bury me in one way as another," Parkman retorted, "and I'm not at all particular, my good friend. Any old spot will do just so long as you select one with a good view."

At this point Chatillon was ready to turn back, for he was unfamiliar with the route Parkman had selected and could be of further use to them.

"No," Parkman said, "if I'm to be scalped, I can think of no person I'd rather be scalped with than you, Chatillon. In fact I would consider it quite an honor."

THEY skirted the Rockies, arriving in Pueblo in mid-August, where Parkman was confined to his bed for several days, too weak to stand on his feet. For the first time on the trip he found a doctor, or at least a man who claimed to be a doctor. After looking the patient over, the pronouncement came, "I have to warn you, sir, that you're going blind and you may die at any moment from heart failure."

Smithsonian Institution
Bureau of American Ethnology

Sioux woman dressing a deer skin.

Despite his misery, Parkman laughed. "But isn't there something else you can think of that's wrong with me? Surely you're not going to charge me a fee for so simple a diagnosis?"

As soon as he could travel, although he could make out objects at no greater distance than fifty yards, Parkman agreed to accept the company of four others heading for Bent's Fort. It appeared advisable now to travel in numbers. Hostile Pawnees and Comanches were reported to have gathered along the route following the passage of General Kearney's army to Santa Fe. Shaw also heard that due to the increasing danger of attack, the fort itself was all but deserted and he urged Parkman to lay

over a few days until conditions were more favorable.

"We'll do nothing of the sort," Parkman said angrily. "I've a book to write and I want to get back to Boston with all possible haste. So far, Providence has been good to us. Let's hope this favor continues."

The first day out, along the valley of the Arkansas River, the party ran into a dense belt of fog and passed within fifty yards of a large Comanche war party without being sighted. For the rest of the few miles to the fort, Parkman's luck held but they arrived to find it occupied by only a few invalid officers and men who had been unable to leave when the rest of the force pulled out with General Kearney's army. Indians had been seen scouting the layout and an attack was expected momentarily.

The hot August sun beat down relentlessly and the rest of Parkman's party wanted to pull out, but the author wouldn't hear of it. "Here is a fort," he said, "that some day will become a historic landmark. How can I pass up this opportunity to acquaint myself with what goes on here?" He was right. Bent's Fort did become a landmark, a place where history was written, and if you drive over U.S. Highway 50 through La Junta, Colorado, you have but to turn north on State 109 for a couple of miles to visit the old site.

The anticipated attack did not come and after a few days Parkman was ready to go on, but on the eve of their departure he came down with another siege of "the shakes" and suffered from dizzy spells which necessitated a further delay.

From his bed he quipped to Chatillon, "If this trouble of mine lasts long enough, my good friend, we might still have the honor of losing our scalps together."

Finally Parkman was ready to leave. "Get me into a saddle and I'll make it," he told Shaw.

Late that afternoon the party rode into a little clearing across which they could see the tops of tepees. It was too late to try and avoid the Indian camp, for already they had been seen by two squaws who quickly waddled toward the tepees to spread the alarm.

"I'll handle this," Parkman said. "You fellows wait here."

"Surely you're not going to ride into the camp," Chatillon said.

"Why not?" Parkman retorted. "I can be scalped there as handily as here."

Shaw then engaged in a bit of humor himself. "It's been nice knowing you, Parkman. See you when 'the roll is called up yonder.'"

Parkman was gone so long that his companions thought he was being held against his will, but presently they saw him riding toward them, accompanied by an Arapahoe chief.

Parkman announced that he had smoked the pipe of peace with the chief who had extended his courtesy by offering bed companions for the night. How many of Parkman's party, if any, accepted the invitation Shaw did not disclose when he related the incident some years later, nor did Parkman mention it in *The Oregon Trail*.

The chapter of his book devoted to that portion of the journey deals almost exclusively with the friendly Arapahoes they met along the Arkansas, and they tarried several days while the author visited with the Indians and studied their living habits, which were about the same, he found, as those of the Oglalas and the Pawnees. It is interesting to note that Parkman made few references to his own physical handicaps; reading his account one somehow forms the notion that he was just as active as the others, especially in the buffalo hunts of which there were many along the trail. Shaw said later that Parkman actually shot some of the animals himself but only at extremely close range when they were driven past him.

IT SOON became obvious to Shaw why Parkman had elected to return by way of Bent's Fort and the Arkansas: he had wanted to see the Santa Fé Trail. Soon they were seeing much of it, for they were constantly meeting the fast freight outfits and lines of covered wagons heading southwest. At every opportunity he tarried to speak with the experience-hardened freighters, learning all he could about them and their work. In his book he tells of meeting several companies of Missouri volunteers enroute to join General Kearney's army in its conquest of Santa Fé and then of El Paso. Not only was he gaining a firm basis of fact, but he knew how to treat those facts with great literary skill.

As an example of his style, he wrote of this leg of the journey, "At noon on the fourteenth of September, a very large Santa Fé caravan came up. The plain was covered with the long files of their white-topped wagons, the closed black carriages in which the traders travel and sleep, large droves of mules and horses, and men on horseback and on foot. They all stopped on the meadow near us. Our diminutive cart and handful of men made but an insignificant figure by the side of their wide and bustling camp."

There in a few lines Parkman gives the reader only a quick glimpse of the camp but one immediately feels its bigness, and its importance at the moment. And then one finds something of the good fellowship and camaraderie that might be expected between lighthearted travelers meeting on the trail.

When the Arkansas turned southwest, the party headed across Kansas to Westport, now a part of Kansas City, Missouri, and proceeded by river steamer to St. Louis, arriving early in October. They said goodbye to the other travelers, including Chatillon, the guide, and returned to Boston by way of Chicago and the Great Lakes.

Anxious to begin his book, he assembled his notes and writing materials only to find that he could not see a word he wrote. Undaunted, he summoned Shaw and arranged for him to take dictation. "I shall write that book one way or another if it kills me," he told his friend.

"Now we go to work."

Six months later the book was completed in a hotel room in Battleboro, Vermont, and appeared serially in the *Knickerbocker*, a New York magazine. The book itself made its appearance early in 1849 and became tremendously popular almost overnight. Reviewers in the East proclaimed it a masterpiece of factual reporting combined with the inimitable style of a master craftsman.

During these times Parkman's health made no appreciable improvement and he remained in a highly nervous state, sometimes refusing for days at a time to see his closest friends.

"I can't go on like this," he told Shaw one day. "I've got to keep my mind occupied or I *will* go insane!"

No sooner had he finished *The Oregon Trail* than he began planning a much

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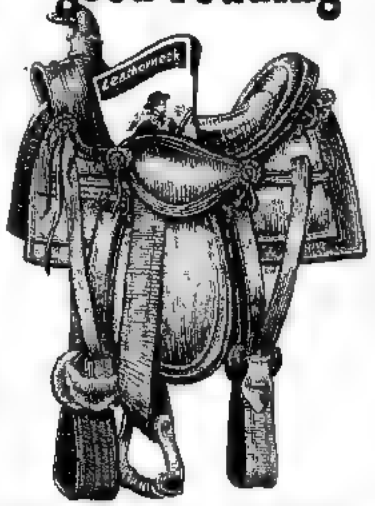

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more complicated work to be called the *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac,* which was to be part of several volumes dealing with the struggle of the French and English for possession of the North American continent.

For a man almost blind and suffering from various other maladies, this undertaking would seem to have been foolhardy, for the time schedule Parkman had set for the endeavor would require many work-crowded years. Though he was only twenty-five and would finish the entire series at sixty-nine, it seemed unlikely at the time that he could hold out physically for very long. His doctor advised against the project.

"You advised me not to go west, too, and look what I accomplished," Parkman retorted. "If I listen to you I'll never get anything done."

"If you don't listen to me," the physician replied, "you'll not be around to quarrel with me long."

Parkman found that his book had made him popular with editors who were clamoring for more material and he devoted much of his time to accounts of his life among the Indians and on the trail, most of which appeared in magazines, and for which he received top price. So popular were these articles that when the *Knickerbocker* neglected to run the second installment of a Parkman story many of its readers threatened to cancel their subscriptions.

Parkman found that indeed he had to keep his mind occupied if he licked his maladies; the magazine stories he turned out whetted his desire to live and he gained back some of his eyesight, enough to enable him to work alone. Characteristically, he overdid it and the nervous condition returned to plague him.

SINCE he needed to do much research for his *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac,* he decided to go to Paris where much of the reference material was available. While there, he promised his doctor, he would take a long rest.

His first call in Paris was on an eminent specialist, Henri Coulet.

After a lengthy examination, Coulet said, "Your symptoms are those of a man slowly going insane. I would recommend a long rest and that you do no work for at least a year."

"I know of no better place to go insane than in Paris," Parkman retorted. "At least you and I will have plenty of company."

In spite of the warning, he frantically gathered volumes of reference material and hurried back to New York, anxious to get to work. Moving in with friends on Staten Island who had offered him a quiet place to work, he felt greatly encouraged.

He hired a girl to read to him from the reference volumes while he made copious notes. At first she read for an hour; then the time was cut to half-an-hour; and finally to fifteen minutes, at the end of which time Parkman would find himself pacing the floor, ready to heave an inkwell at the girl. Not only were his nerves getting him down but his eyesight was fading again. It was now quite a common occurrence not to be able to see his hands in front of him.

In order to keep himself busy, he had a frame built in which parallel wires were stretched across his writing paper, so that he could write in longhand and not run his words together. It also enabled him to keep on a straight line so that others could read what he wrote. To favor his eyes, the room was kept darkened.

In this manner he managed to write as many as fifty painstaking words per day, but some days he wrote less than a dozen. If ever a man worked under a handicap, Parkman did.

In the same year that he was putting down only a few words a day, he developed what his doctors called "effusion of the knee" which confined him indoors for better than two years, permanently weakening the joint and hindering his exercise for the remainder of his life.

Somehow Parkman managed to finish the Pontiac history in 1851, and before the volumes were published, he married Catherine Bigelow of Boston, daughter of a socially prominent family.

The two volumes, twenty years work accomplished in three, of *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac* were loudly acclaimed in America and abroad as the only complete history of that affair.

Retaining enough of his eyesight to get around and to work, Parkman sought escape from factual writing by producing his only novel, *Vassall Morton,* which had no great success. The author regarded it lightly from the outset, saying that his one wish had been to get away from serious writing. He was not disappointed when it did not attain a high rating at book stores, although many people bought it because of his name.

AND THEN came tragedy. His child, a son, died a few months after birth and was followed in death by Mrs. Parkman or Cathy, as he called her.

"I can stand blindness, dysentery and being a little off in the head," Parkman told his old friend, Shaw, "but I can't stand this."

Plunged into mourning, he tore up some of his work and vowed he would never write again. His friends became so concerned over his condition that a bodyguard was employed to watch over him. Frequently he would walk along the Mystic River, with the bodyguard trailing him by only a few feet. One morning he turned on the man and said, "Come walk beside me. Being as far back of me as you are, I am afraid that if I did try to jump, you'd not be able to prevent it. You see, my good man, I'm thinking of your interests for if you let me jump, you'd surely lose your job."

Red-faced, the bodyguard hurriedly caught up and fell in step.

"Now, that's more like it," Parkman said. "If I do decide to jump, I can pull you in with me."

(Continued on page 54)

"There's gold out there all right, but there's no water!"

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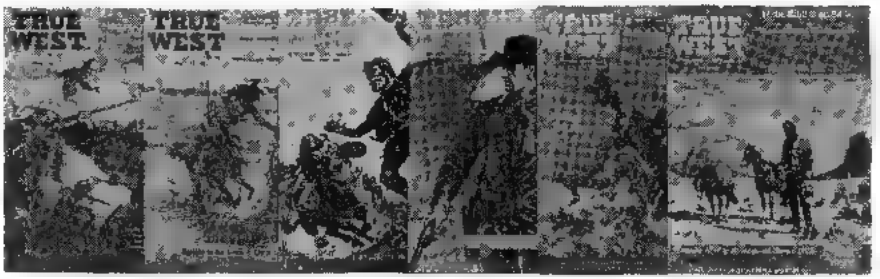

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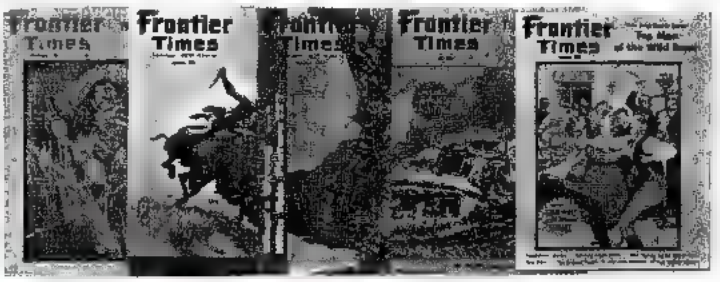

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Even in deepest gloom, Parkman could appreciate the irony of any situation. One time an undertaker called at the Parkman home by mistake and apologized effusively.

"Oh, don't apologize," Parkman said. "Now I know what it'll be like when you eventually do call."

For a long time after the death of his loved ones, Parkman's existence was a drab and lonely one, spent in the confines of his own yard. He saw few persons during those times, but eventually he became interested in growing roses, and when he became interested in a thing he had to write about it. The result was *The Book of Roses* which rose-lovers and horticulturists everywhere hailed as the most informative book of its kind ever published. When Parkman wrote about a subject, he wrote about it well. By sheer nerve he drove himself thereafter to write more on his history of the French and English in America. In 1865 came *Pioneers of France in the New World*.

Two years later he finished *The Jesuits of North America*, and in the fall of 1869 *Discovery of the Great West* (later changed to *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West*). For the past ninety years the latter has been one of the top textbooks on the Early West.

There seemed no end of the flow of ink from Parkman's pen. In 1874 he published *The Old Regime in Canada*, and in 1877, *Count Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV*.

"That doctor in Pueblo told me I was going blind," Parkman remarked to a Boston newspaper reporter one day, "but I still see well enough to read the inscription on his tombstone."

In 1884 came the book, *Montcalm and Wolfe*, in two volumes, and in 1892, as he was approaching his seventieth birthday, Parkman published *A Half-Century of Conflict*, also in two volumes. Even then, forty-six years after his return from the Rockies, editors were clamoring for Parkman pieces. The *Atlantic Monthly* and *North American Review* published much of his output.

In a preface for a new edition of *The Oregon Trail*, published in 1892, he wrote:

"For Indian tepees, with their trophies of bow, lance, shield, and dangling scalp-locks, we have towns and cities, resorts of health and pleasure-seekers, with an agreeable society, Paris fashions, the magazines, the latest poem, and the last new novel . . . . The buffalo is gone, and of all his millions nothing is left but bones. Tame cattle and fences of barbed wire have supplanted his vast herds and boundless grazing grounds . . . . The wild Indian is turned into an ugly caricature of his conqueror; and that which made him romantic, terrible and hateful is in large measure scourged out of him. The slow cavalcade of horsemen armed to the teeth has disappeared before parlor cars and the effeminate comforts of modern travel . . . . The wild West is tamed."

It was a fitting eulogy for the stalwart and noble characters Parkman had met on the long trail, and outlived for the most part, and it was the final tribute of a man who had spent more time fighting disease than he had writing, yet wrote more in his day than any man then living.

In spite of his many illnesses, Parkman lived to be almost seventy-one and when he died November 8, 1893, he was beloved and recognized the world over as an authority on anything he chose to write about.

Up the Chisholm Trail

(Continued from page 27)

find, and fifty A-1 saddles. He armed his men with the Henry rifle manufactured by the New Haven Arms Company. They were lever-action guns and held sixteen cartridges. Each man was given two Colt six-shooters and a pair of Spanish spurs that jingled a merry tune as they walked or rode.

Lassos or *reatas* were distributed also and finally the great herd crossed the Red River at what later came to be known as the Red River Station. Here they paused for a day to get their bearings and to let the animals rest. No outfit to come later was better equipped or had a finer bunch of choice longhorns.

THE DRIVE started in May, 1867, bearing due north through lands never before crossed by cattle of any kind, or by white men for that matter, except for a few trappers and soldiers. The route led past the present town of El Reno, Oklahoma, continued northwest, striking Kingfisher Creek near the present town of Kingfisher, and followed that stream to the Cimarron River. The crossing was made at a point one-and-one-half miles below the present crossing of U.S. Highway 81. A few miles north of there the herd struck the old "Traders' Trail" laid out by Jesse Chisholm in 1865. This they followed northward through some of the finest range country they had ever seen.

It rained hard for the next few days but the drive pushed on. As yet no Indians had been encountered. The drivers had seen no white men either and didn't expect to see any.

The route crossed the Kansas and Indian Territory line just south of the present city of Caldwell and went north to Abilene, where the men received a rousing reception, having brought the first cattle ever to come up the Trail. Women deserted their children to have a look at the Texas longhorns; men left their jobs and girls practically mobbed the drivers. It was a big day all around.

But Wilson and Hicks did not have the daring spirit Wheeler had shown. They refused to go any farther. The drive to the West Coast was off so far as they were concerned.

Wheeler begged, then abused them, but they would not change their minds. He was so disgusted that he swore he would never make another drive. The cattle were shipped east and the partners disbanded.

But Wheeler realized that there was money in driving to Abilene and back he went for another herd. His biggest drive was in 1871 when he brought 7,000 head through and lost only sixteen enroute.

And that, briefly, Mr. Don Wright of San Diego, answers your questions.

"Ve Vill Fight a Duel"

(Continued from page 33)

and they backed up. They were both long-legged, which caused them to take long, fast steps, trying to keep their balance. I had counted only to ten, when Old Dutch went through the swinging doors, and Peevee backed swiftly into the pool table so hard that he bounced back, landed flat on his face and the rifle skidded under a card table. There was about an eight-inch step just away from the doors, which speeded Old Dutch so much that when he went off the edge of the two-foot wooden sidewalk, he was doing a backward swan dive into the

dusty street. The shotgun stayed on the sidewalk.

I'll never know what might have happened in a second attempt, because the sheriff and a deputy came into the saloon carrying Old Dutch. The deputy picked up the shotgun and then they found the rifle under the table. Peevee was unable to talk and Dutch was limited to one word, "Yesus!"

The officers examined both guns, placed them on the bar and demanded an explanation. In a few words I told them what happened.

"And you encouraged them, eh?" said the sheriff.

"Nope—I merely directed the duel."

"Sure. They were to walk twenty steps backwards and fire."

The sheriff looked the room over, estimating quickly.

"One went out the doorway; the other hit the pool table," I said.

"I never heard of a duel like that," said the deputy.

"Duel, hell!" snorted the sheriff. "There wasn't a shell in either gun!"

AS AN anticlimax to this attempted double suicide, about three months later Old Dutch turned his saloon over to his partner, loaded up his covered wagon and headed for his homestead, about sixty miles up the valley. In the nearest town, fifteen miles away, he found Peevee Jack in a saloon, and the feud was revived. Peevee Jack, supposing that Old Dutch would be putty in his hands, neglected to protect his jaw.

Old Dutch, bitter as gall, started a right swing from down about the Texas Panhandle, gaining speed at every state line, and his hard right fist connected with Peevee's jaw. It was curtains for Peevee.

Old Dutch retired to his covered wagon for the night. This was about ten o'clock at night. Peevee Jack finally recovered, took more spirits aboard, and about midnight he decided to obliterate Old Dutch. Silently he sneaked out to the covered wagon, climbed over the end-gate and parted the canvas.

The big drawback, as far as Peevee was concerned, was the fact that Old Dutch was awake and had a pick-handle It was seventy miles, via stage and freight train to a hospital. They say that Peevee Jack made the trip—but only one way. He never came back.

"First good show they've made—and not a camera in sight!"

Ask True West

(Continued from page 39)

and couldn't get back in after the fighting started.)

Question: I have a Winchester rifle, .44 caliber, model 1866. Can you give me some idea of what it is worth? Barney Latrobe, Des Moines, Iowa.
Answer: It is worth from $40.00 to $60.00, depending upon its general condition.

Question: Can you tell me in a general way just went wrong at the Dalton's Waterloo? I refer to Coffeyville.—Ralph St. Johns, Essex, England.
Answer: Just about everything went wrong, Ralph. In the first place, to rob two banks simultaneously, without ensconced parties to cover the retreat, was an invitation to disaster. In the second place, they had not cased the jobs properly; the place they had planned to hitch their horses was torn up by street repairs. They elected to hitch in a position from which they would suffer from an enfilade from groups in and around the hardware store. Also, cashier Ball at the Condon stalled the robbers for several minutes, giving time for the citizens to arm themselves.

Question: Was Billy the Kid with John H. Tunstall when he was killed? Also I would like to know where Tunstall is buried.—Charlie Converse, Pocatello, Idaho.
Answer: The Kid was present, or nearby, along with Dick Brewer, Bob Windenmann, and John Middleton. Tunstall was buried the next day in the rear of his store in Lincoln, but the grave was unmarked and there is some dispute as to its exact location.

Question: In one of Calamity Jane's letters to her daughter she mentions that the child's "Uncle Cy" was killed with Custer. Was this man a brother of Calamity or of Wild Bill Hickok?—Mrs. Lyle Gumble, Tucson, Arizona.
Answer: The general consensus of those who have made a close study of Calamity Jane is that the letters, diary, confessions—even the alleged certificate of her "marriage" to Wild Bill Hickok—remains entirely unproved. That's the charitable view. Some believe it to be entirely ghost-written, fantastic and 100% bunk. And, in order to trace "Uncle Cy" further, we would have to be informed of his full name. (See the chapter on Jane, written by J. D. Horan, in his book *Desperate Women*, entitled "White Devil of the Yellowstone.")

Question: Can you tell me if Wyatt Earp knew John Slaughter?—Will Wiss, Wichita Falls, Texas.
Answer: Wyatt almost certainly knew *of* Slaughter; it is quite possible that he was personally acquainted with him. But we do not know for sure. Slaughter, however, did not become widely known until 1887-90, when he was sheriff of Cochise County. By that time the Earps had moved on.

Question: Where and when did Gall die? —Vasey Ledbetter, Savannah, Georgia.
Answer: After Gall's surrender in 1881, he became one of the most reliable and progressive Indians on the reserve. He passed away in 1896 at his home at Oak Creek on the Standing Rock Reservation. He was fifty-six.

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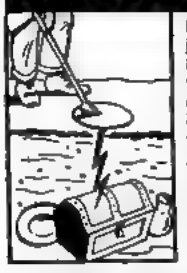

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 56)

Indian Fighting Infantry

Indians, Infants and Infantry (Old West, $5.95) by Merrill J. Mattes is based on the manuscript of *An Army Wife's Forty Years in the Service* by Elizabeth Reynolds Burt. Mrs. Burt prepared this account from her diaries, now lost, in 1912 and it was placed in the Library of Congress by her son, General Reynolds J. Burt, U.S.A. (Retired). General Burt was one of the infants referred to in the title since he was born at Fort Omaha in 1874 and at the age of two months was taken to Fort Laramie.

He grew up at Forts Bidwell, McDowell, Robinson and Washakie as an army brat. He was back at Fort Laramie in 1887-88. However, this book is primarily about his father, Captain (later Major, Colonel and General) Andrew S. (Brave Andy) Burt, of the infantry. So far as this reviewer knows, this is the first book-length account of a line infantry officer of the Indian-fighting army (books about the cavalry and its officers are legion). Here, too, for the first time, in any detail, we have the story of Fort C. F. Smith, Montana Territory, the most remote in the chain of army posts established to protect the Bozeman Trail.

There is much on life at Fort Laramie and here General Reynolds Burt was able to supplement the writings of his mother on the second tour of duty at this post. Andrew Burt was with Crook on the Rosebud and participated in the Yellowstone Expedition. Author Mattes has done a great job of combining Mrs. Burt's narrative, emphasizing the domestic side of frontier post life, with official reports and excerpts from the numerous accounts about the cavalry of the Indian-fighting army.

He is a professional historian with the National Park Service, Region Two, stationed at Omaha, Nebraska. He has made an exhaustive study of the frontier forts (or their sites) covered in this book and his geography is top-notch. The book is enhanced by an endpaper map, some good photographs, notes providing a comprehensive bibliography, and an adequate index. It is a must for all interested in the Indian wars.

Kansas Cowtowns

Wild, Woolly and Wicked: The Story of the Kansas Cowtowns and the Texas Cattle Trade (Clarkson N. Potter, $5) is a top job of puzzle-solving by an old pro, Harry Sinclair Drago. So many tall tales and such a tremendous amount of folklore had become accepted as a part of the history of the Kansas cowtowns that it seemed that no one would ever untangle it.

Drago did it. The facts were available but not always in the commonly used source books. He dug them out, fitted them into their proper places and for the first time there emerges a clean-cut, highly entertaining, yet factual, account of the various end-of-rail and end-of-trail hell holes where the longhorns started their rides to the packing plants.

This account, quite logically, starts with Abilene and the father of the Kansas cattle trade, Joseph McCoy. And it ends with the last of the great cowtowns, Dodge City.

To far too many, Abilene and Dodge City have been *the* Kansas cowtowns. Harry Drago puts an end to this nonsense. Ellsworth, Newton, Wichita and Caldwell get major attention in this book and well do they deserve it. Some folks also get their just dues, but no more, including Wyatt Earp. Bat Masterson, Tom Smith, Wes Hardin, Ben Thompson and Henry Brown all play their parts in this cowtown history but theirs only—no borrowing from Wild Bill or Bill Tilghman is permitted.

This well written book is *not* without its faults—no index and no illustrations. The notes are adequate and the bibliography quite good indeed but the locations of Mobeetie, Adobe Walls and Ft. Griffin on the Texas portion of the endsheet map are completely misleading.

There is also a handsome leatherbound, limited, signed edition of 250 copies available at $25.

Civil War in the West

Narrative of the Surrender of a Command of U. S. Forces at Fort Fillmore, New Mexico, July, 1861 (Stagecoach Press, $4.75) is by Major James Cooper McKee, surgeon, U. S. Army. This new issue contains the complete text of the author's privately printed 1886 edition with added Confederate reports.

It is a rare Civil War item and presents eye-witness reports of Union-Confederate engagements at Old Messila, first Civil War battle in the far West. In July, 1861, Texans smashed the Union troops at Fort Fillmore and forced them to surrender. McKee, a young post surgeon, privately published the Union's humiliating experience. The book includes McKee's complete account, a diagram of Fort Fillmore plus his 1861 map of New Mexico and a report by Confederate and Union officers from official records.

This is a key item in many Civil War want lists; hence the 550 copies of this limited edition won't last long.

Ancient Indians

Digging in graveyards is hardly considered a subject for popular reading. However, *Prehistory in Northern Arizona—Black Sand* (University of New Mexico Press, $4.00) by Harold S. Colton is a scientific report on ancient man near Flagstaff, Arizona, that is charmingly written, beautifully illustrated and will appeal to a wide range of readers.

Less than 1,000 years ago native Indians near the San Francisco Peaks awoke one morning to see red hot rocks and black ashes shooting out of Sunset Crater. The natives—Sinagua Man—fled for their lives. When the volcano was quiet again, the Indians returned to find vast areas covered with a mantle of black ash. The ash was good growing soil and soon a prolific corn culture became established.

Colton describes the scientific investigations, the diggings that revealed fascinating details about life, agriculture and warring techniques of these primitives. *Black Sand* combines clever scientific sleuthing with pleasant writing and good bookmaking.

Wyoming Gold Rush

South Pass, 1868 (University of Nebraska Press, $4.50) is James Chisholm's journal of the Wyoming gold rush as prepared for publication by Lola M. Homsher, Director, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department. Chisholm was a young Scotsman and was working for the rival *Times* at the time

he was hired by the Chicago *Tribune* to cover the South Pass strike. He arrived in Cheyenne just in time to send his paper the details of a double lynching—his story was dated March 21, 1868. He filed a few other stories from Cheyenne but did not leave Green River, the end-of-the-rails for the South Pass Country, until September 7.

When Chisholm reached South Pass about September 12 after a rather harrowing trip, the rush was over and many of the fortune hunters had left. He spent a number of days at the diggings, made two trips into the Wind River Valley and recorded a number of the stories told him by "Mountain Bill" (or "Dutch Bill") Rhodes, an old-time hunter. Miss Homsher has supplied numerous historical notes and a fine introduction. This is Volume III in The Pioneer Heritage Series and one of the few first-hand accounts of the 1868 gold rush days in Wyoming. As such, it is of much value and entertaining to boot.

Nevada Mining

Helen Downer Croft, twice Judge of Ouray County, Colorado, is author of *The Downs, The Rockies and Desert Gold* (Caxton, $5.00), an account of her husband's mining experiences, largely in Goldfield, Nevada. During the period 1906 to 1942, Roger Downer, a mining engineer, operated a simon-pure assay office. His brother, Malcolm, also was a member of the firm until he died in 1937.

Goldfield made national headlines in 1905 when the owners of the fabulous Mohawk Mine made the richest ore shipment of its size in the history of mining. This carload of gold ore, forty-seven tons, brought over $12,000 per ton.

In rowdy Goldfield Roger was a respected citizen who squired the new schoolteachers and directed and sang in the choir. He was present when Tex Rickard started his career as czar of the squared circle. He watched Joe Gans and Battling Nelson pound each other to pulp for forty-two ghastly rounds. Later Jack Dempsey made the town, worked in the mines and did a little meal-ticket fighting.

This Goldfield tattle plus desert lore and overland trail reminiscences combine to make a very acceptable package.

Brave Pat Garrett

Billy, the Kid and the Old Regime in the Southwest (Frontier Book Company, Ruidoso, New Mexico, $1.50) is the first separate printing of Albert E. Hyde's article which appeared in the *Century Magazine*, March, 1902. Hyde was an eye-witness of the arrival at Las Vegas of Pat Garrett's posse and their prisoners after the Kid's surrender at Stinking Springs in December, 1880. Hyde was high in his praise of Garrett's conduct when a mob demanded his prisoners. The mob seemed to be more interested in getting its hands on Dave Rudabaugh than the Kid—Rudabaugh had killed the Las Vegas jailer in making good his escape from jail just before joining the Kid's gang.

Hyde states that Rudabaugh smoked a cigar and seemed uninterested, while the Kid became very excited and asked Pat to return his guns if the mob attacked. Ed Bartholomew has rendered a signal service to the outlaw buffs by making this first-hand account generally available. He has also added some photos from his great Rose Collection.

"Fastest gunslinger in these parts!"

Not So Long Ago!

Gone Are the Days (Naylor, $3.50) by Annalee Burns is an antidote for melancholy. This folksy true Texas family history recalls the days of high button shoes, kissing games and coal oil remedies. This was a period when kinfolk visits lasted a week and there was always enough in the cellar, chicken coop and smokehouse to feed the visitors during their stay.

The kids were so busy choring that few had time to become juvenile delinquents. If anyone sassed the old man, he was walloped into line with a sapling and was taught to respect his elders.

This is a humorous family story about folks who made their living the hard way on the farm. It is a good one for the whole family.

Old Bruin

The grizzly bear is another vanishing American animal that will become extinct unless plans are soon made to perpetuate him. *Notorious Grizzly Bears* (Sage, $4.00) by W. P. Hubbard with Seale Harris is a book of facts and stories that will help us to know more about one of our largest and most ferocious native quadrupeds.

The opening chapters present interesting scientific facts, simply stated, about grizzlies. For those who like red-blooded western chillers, there are numerous gripping stories about grizzlies that raided cattle and sheep ranches plus experiences of the trappers and hunters who brought them down.

There's one tale about old Red Robber, a grizzly that terrorized ranchers for hundreds of miles on this reviewer's home range in the Book Mountains, Blue Mountains, the Henry's and Elk Mountain near the Green and Colorado Rivers. Two prospectors nailed him and received a large reward for killing Old Red, a bear known to have killed over $3,500 worth of livestock in five years.

The best story is about a death battle between two crusty old gladiators—Buff, a mature grizzly, and Blaze, a twelve-year-old-longhorn bull, Lon Duncan, a professional hunter in Colorado's San Juan Mountains, saw the fight which was one of the most wicked tournaments of claw, tooth, hoof and horn ever recorded. The bull finally won but died soon after from horrible wounds inflicted by old Buff.

There are thrilling narratives about notorious grizzlies of most western states and the grizzly pictures are some of the best quality we've ever seen. Highly recommended.

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Doomed Men from Cherry Creek

(Continued from page 13)

a big company of us. We went down over the prairie and then through the Badlands and across the White River.

"I was one of the four young men who were scouts or outriders and who rode ahead or to one side of the caravan. One night we camped near Porcupine Creek and the next morning the three other young men and I were riding ahead. We had just climbed the hills to get out of the creek valley when we saw three men coming toward us on horseback. When they came up we saw that they were Indians. Two were regular Indians and one was a mixed blood. They had guns and we knew by their clothes that they were scouts for the white soldiers.

"The mixed blood did the talking and told us many soldiers were ahead of us a few miles, but not to be afraid. He told us the soldiers would treat us well and take us to the Agency where there were many other Indians and where we would have plenty to eat. He said everything would be all right if we would go with the soldiers. Pretty soon the soldiers came, and the officer talked with some of our leading men, with the scout as interpreter. Our leaders then decided to go to the Agency, for there was nothing else that we could do since we could not fight them. So we came along with the soldiers.

MOST OF the soldiers went ahead of the wagontrain but some rode along on each side of us. When we got to Wounded Knee Creek, they said we could camp for the night. So we stopped and camped on the Flat while the soldiers camped on the slope above us. That night we did not sleep well. Everybody was afraid. All night long the soldiers had lights and were working at something. We could hear the noise and rattle of iron being moved around and it made us all very nervous and we could not sleep. All night long soldiers walked back and forth around our camp. In the morning we found that everything had been arranged differently. There was a row of big guns set up on the side of the hill and we found that they shot bullets very fast (Hotchkiss Machine Guns).

"After a while we were all called out —men, women and children. So we came and stood up close to where the soldiers were. They told us we must give up all our guns, knives or whatever weapons we had. They said to come forward ten at a time and lay down our guns and our knives. So ten of our men went up to them but they only had one gun to lay down. The soldiers did not like this very well, but we could not put our guns down because we did not have them with us. Those of us who had guns, had left them back at our tents.

"Then some soldiers went to our tents and began to look for our guns. They found quite a few and carried them out and threw them down on the ground. They did not lay them down carefully, but dumped them down in a pile, throwing them down hard. We were standing there, men, women and children, all of us very much afraid. We were defenseless as none of us had guns. The soldiers were standing all around us holding their guns in their hands ready to shoot.

"But as it turned out, there were two men down at the lower end of our group who had their guns under their blankets. One of the soldiers who was walking back and forth in front of us saw the ends of those guns sticking out. He called out to the other soldiers that these men had guns.

"I was standing at the upper end of the group where I could see it all and I can say that those two Indians never raised their guns or shot them, but as the soldiers started forward to take their guns from them, suddenly they shot right away into all of us—men, women and children.

"We had no chance to fight back as we had no weapons. All we thought about, those of us who were still alive, was to get away. The morning was cloudy and damp and the smoke from the guns did not rise but settled right on us. From then on, nothing could be seen very plain. The soldiers were rushing around shooting all of us that they could see to shoot. I got shot through the right hand, the bullet entering just at the base of my thumb and coming out at the base of my middle finger. Somehow I finally got down into a washout or gully south of the fight, where a lot of Indians had taken refuge and where they had been shot down. I got down among them and kind of crawled down under the dead

Sitting Bull

bodies, but the soldiers kept on shooting into us whenever they saw any of us move

"Twice more I was shot, one bullet going through the fleshy part of my left forearm and a third going through the fleshy part of the calf of my leg. Almost all of the day the shooting continued, the soldiers searching among the draws and brush for Indians still alive and shooting them down.

"After dark I crawled out and though suffering greatly, I made my way to Wounded Knee Creek where I came across three women and four or five children, including two boys, about fourteen or fifteen years old who had survived, though some of them were wounded. We had made our way some distance down the stream when morning came. Soon afterward we met some Indians coming down from the so-called 'hostile camp' over near White River northwest of Pine Ridge Agency. They had heard of what had happened and were going over to see what was going on. They were very angry and in a very hostile mood. They took care of us and took us over to their camp. I was in pretty bad shape for a long time but my wounds all healed up except that my right hand is a little withered. Outside of the fact that I can scarcely grip anything with

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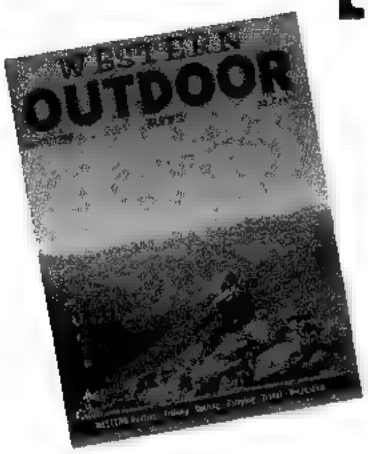

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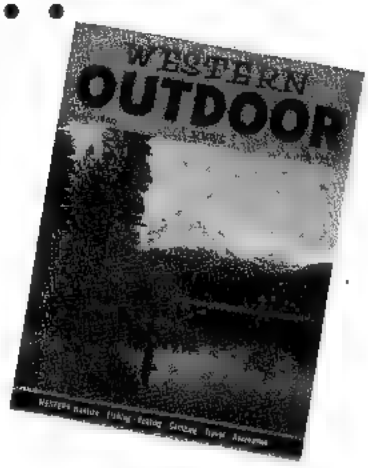

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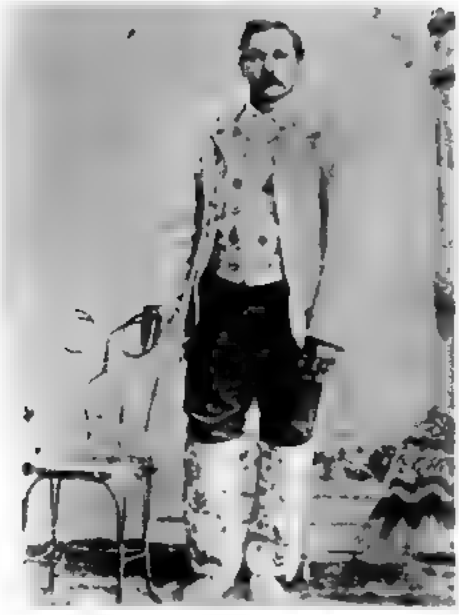


"Little Bat" (Baptiste Garnier)

that hand, there is nothing wrong with me. I am seventy years old and I am well and strong yet.

"Now, all I have told you is what I saw and experienced myself. It is all true and I have told it exactly as it happened. After the first shooting and the smoke settled, everything was in confusion. All the people thought about was to get away from the soldiers and many things may have happened that I did not see."

Lonesome Charley

(Continued from page 17)

portant tragedy was the killing of two well-liked civilians by a band of Sioux.

If the expedition could be called successful (from the standpoint of the N.P. it could be), then it was doubly so for Charley. He gained a very good friend in Custer and the chance for good employment in later campaigns. He also became more famous, even though he might have preferred not to. Before long he was guiding Eastern hunting parties, tourists, army officers, government officials, and college professors through the wilds of the frontier.

He made many new friends for himself, and Charley, though he liked to be alone, enjoyed these companions. Apparently he didn't lose his reticent habits entirely however, for about this time someone dubbed him "Lonesome Charley." The name stuck; for the rest of his life he was "Lonesome."

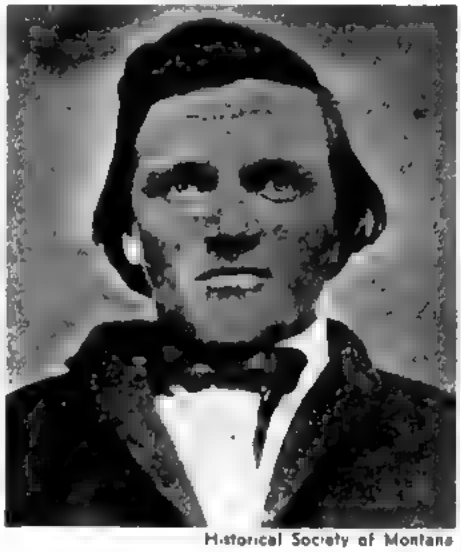
WHEN Custer made his Black Hills excursion the next year he chose Charley as his chief of scouts. Bloody Knife, Custer, and Charley were thrown together again. It had always been rumored that gold could be found in the Black Hills, but it was never actually proven. Custer's touring expedition proved it, and put the finishing touches on the death of the Sioux nation.

When the two professional prospectors in the survey party discovered the yellow stuff in enormous quantities, Custer figured it was time to let the world know. When he reached the southern edge of the Hills, he prepared his "gold from the grass roots down" dispatches and asked for a volunteer to take them to Fort Laramie, nearly 150 miles away and through rugged Sioux country.

Charley said that he thought he could get through as well as anybody and that he'd take the dispatches. Custer agreed and offered him a cavalry detail as escort, but Charley said that it would be easier for one man to get through than it would be for a whole troop of cavalry.

His route lay between the Sioux Agencies and the hostile country. The Sioux were constantly traveling back and forth, and they had been watching the column since it had left Fort Lincoln. With Yellow Hair marching through their sacred Hills in violation of the 1868 treaty, they would be alert for any soldier or scout riding alone.

Charley lit out and was plagued by Sioux all the way. But the Indians would have to wait a while for his scalp. He rode at night and hid in the brush and timber along the creek bottoms during the day—whenever there was a handy creek bottom. On the last part of the ride he ran out of both water and creek bottoms. By the time he reached Laramie, his throat and tongue were so swollen from thirst that he couldn't close his mouth.



Historical Society of Montana

Charley Reynolds

Charley must have known what was in those dispatches and what they would eventually mean. It is a wonder that he didn't toss them in some brush pile along the way. When the gold news was released, prospectors flocked to the Hills in droves. Before long the Sioux were forced to sell out to the government. Charley could see what was coming; the Sioux were pushed into the Rosebud and Yellowstone country and it wouldn't be long before they would have to move again or fight. Charley knew they would fight.

Charley spent that winter hanging around the agencies picking up pieces of gossip here and there about what the Sioux were thinking and planning. He picked up some interesting side bits, too, such as Rain-in-the-Face's brag about killing the two white civilians on the Yellowstone expedition the year before. Charley sent word to Custer at Fort Lincoln and shortly a detachment of cavalry, including Lieutenant Tom Custer, arrived at the Standing Rock Agency to take Rain-in-the-Face to prison.

Tom Custer, Charley, and four troopers went inside the Agency store where Rain-in-the-Face was and pretended to make some purchases. Finally Charley spotted him and nodded to Tom, who jumped the Indian from behind. Rain-in-the-Face started to turn to fight but changed his mind when Charley pushed a revolver against his belly. Rain-in-the-Face went peaceably with them and was locked up at Fort Lincoln. Apparently the government didn't know what to do with him, so he wasn't guarded too closely. He escaped not long after his capture. Pretty soon, word drifted back that he had sworn vengeance against Tom Custer and was going to cut out his heart and have it for dinner. He didn't have to wait long for his vengeance.

THE NEXT summer Charley acted as chief of scouts for the Forsyth Expedition up the Yellowstone to survey its banks and chart the stream for navigation, again helping to violate the Sioux country. Charley enjoyed the company of two close friends that summer, Grant Marsh, who captained the supply steamer and was closely attached to the young scout, and George Grinnell, who took a brief side trip with Charley through what is now Yellowstone Park.

Another good friend of Charley's, Edward Allison, the interpreter and chief of scouts at Standing Rock, related a story about Charley to John E. and George J. Remsburg who put it in their book, *Charley Reynolds*. In late summer of 1875, Allison was ordered to go to Bismarck, just across the Missouri from Fort Lincoln, where Charley was stationed, to secure some official papers which a fellow named Waldorf had taken from the Agency. Apparently Waldorf didn't have a very good reputation, for Allison had directions that if he had trouble to get help from Custer at Fort Lincoln—Allison was of a cautious nature and got the help first, taking his friend Charley Reynolds across to Bismarck with him. Here is Allison's story:

> "We found Waldorf with Tom Fortune, city marshal, and a few others of the gang of toughs who ruled Bismarck in those days, at the Red Chimney, a sporting house. I demanded the papers and Waldorf handed them over without a word. But at this moment the city marshal, backed by the gang, threatened me with arrest for robbery. He had hardly opened his mouth when 'Lonesome' had him covered. Briefly, he made him get down on his hands and

Marker in the Little Big Horn Valley showing where Charley Reynolds died June 25, 1876.

knees, disarmed him and then drove the whole crowd upstairs and locked the stairway door. Then we quietly mounted our horses and rode back to the ferry and crossed again to Fort Lincoln."

FINALLY came the big year—the year Charley had been waiting for. The winter of '75-'76 he spent scouting the Sioux camps and he knew beyond doubt that they were getting ready for a big fight. He had seen it coming since he had guided Custer through the Black Hills back in '74 and finally it was ready to come. The government told the Sioux to come in to the Agencies by January 31 or else; the Sioux didn't come, so the troops were sent out. There was going to be big trouble.

Charley rode as Custer's chief of scouts again, but when they reached the mouth of the Rosebud on the Yellowstone he was under the care of Doctor Porter of the Seventh because of a felon on his left hand and was staying in a cabin on the supply steamer *Far West*, captained by his friend, Grant Marsh.

Then Custer was sent down the Rosebud with the Seventh and, despite Marsh's attempt to get him to stay behind, Charley went along. This was what he had been waiting for—the final death struggle of the Sioux. With nearly 3,000 troops scattered around the Rosebud and Yellowstone country it looked like a big fight. Charley didn't want to miss it.

Oliver Sigurdson

Battle Monument on the Custer battlefield in Montana.

He wasn't able to do all that he usually did on a march because of his hand, but Custer had competent guides in Mitch Bouyer and Bloody Knife, both of whom knew the country well. Custer marched rapidly and the air was filled with excitement and expectancy, but there was a presence along on this campaign that had been absent on the others.

On the night of June 24, just before Custer took the command across the divide from the Rosebud to the Little Big Horn Valley, Charley, squatting with the other scouts and a few officers in a rough circle, listened quietly as Bloody Knife told the world that there would be hard fighting tomorrow and that his gods had told him that he would not see the sun set again.

It was an eloquent oration coming from an uneducated Indian scout, and it moved Charley to speak what had been on his mind for several days now. "I feel as he does," he said, rising to his feet with his war sack in his hand. "Tomorrow will see the end of me, too. Anyone who wants my little outfit of stuff can have it now."

The next day was June 25. Custer crossed to the Little Big Horn Valley during the night. Somewhere on the winding river ahead lay the Sioux villages. According to Bouyer and Bloody Knife, as well as repeated warnings from Charley, ahead lay the largest congregation of Indians ever seen on the frontier, but Custer, whether he believed them or not, figured the Seventh could whip them no matter how many there were.

Custer now made his famous division of forces. He sent Benteen on the search to the left and south and proceeded directly ahead toward the Little Big Horn. Before long they were at the river and Custer made a second division. He sent Major Reno straight on to the village across the river while he circled to the right for a flank attack. Reno was to open the fight and the scouts would go with him, all except Bouyer, who went with Custer.

As he galloped away with Reno, heading for the river and the big fight, Charley waved to Mitch. They never met again. George Custer was destined never to reach the village and Mitch Bouyer died with him and Tom Custer and all the others on that ridgetop above the Little Big Horn.

Reno's squadron charged up the river bottom at a gallop. They could see the village up ahead and were going great guns when all of a sudden the Sioux appeared. Reno saw that he could never charge through them—there were too many—so he ordered a halt. His squadron fought from a skirmish line for a while, Charley firing from the left flank with the other scouts, until the Sioux flanked them. Reno pulled back to the timber bordering the river.

It is difficult to piece together the details of what actually happened. The only source of information comes from Indians who were at the battle, and their reports were naturally rather hazy. However, from the sources that seem most reliable, Charley's actions can at least be outlined, if not definitely traced.

He was fighting just as the troopers were, from a ragged skirmish line just inside the thick brush. It was hot fighting and it wasn't long before the Sioux infiltrated the timber behind them. Reno, sitting his horse in a small clearing beside Bloody Knife, was giving orders

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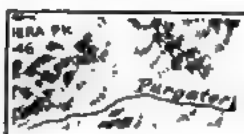

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right and left for a general retreat ("charge," as he put it) back across the river to some high bluffs better suited for defense.

There were just too damned many Indians for him. At that moment a Sioux slug whipped across the clearing and caught Bloody Knife in the head, splattering blood over Reno. Bloody Knife did not see the sun set.

Reno spurred away and the troops, disorganized and bewildered, went piling after him—or most of them did. Many didn't hear any orders to retreat; the first inkling they had that the command was pulling out was when they suddenly found themselves deserted. Most of them piled onto their horses and spurred after the retreating column, harried on every side by galloping and shooting warriors.

Charley hadn't known they were retreating until he saw the troopers charging out of the timber and heading back down the river. He waved at Doctor Porter who was working over a dying trooper in the brush and called, "Let's go, Doctor! Everybody's leaving!"

Porter called back, "All right, Charley. Give me a minute." Some men were sticking to duty that day.

"Be careful. The Indians are shooting at you." Charley, with his knowledge of Indian fighting methods, had seen that the Sioux were making a special target of Porter's linen duster.

Charley stepped into his saddle and reined around the brush and into the open, stopping to wait for Porter. But the Sioux got there first. They charged at him; Charley fired back from the saddle until his horse was knocked down. He lost his rifle when he fell, but he still had his revolver. Lonesome Charley Reynolds died a hero's death. He pulled out his revolver and levelled it across his horse's withers and waited for the Sioux charge to reach him.

Sharpshooter!

(Continued from page 15)

Pushing towards the Snake River country, Colonel Wright built a small fort on Tucannon River, with temporary roadways. Indians continually harassed him. Fortunately, three days of rain thwarted setting vegetation afire.

His men and pack trains in compact formation, Wright pushed on north through country with ravines which were perfect for ambushes.

At supper chow-time, on the second day, the expedition reached Four Lakes and set up a resting camp.

On the morning of August 29, 1858, Wright's scouts discovered Indians swarming up a hill not quite three miles away.

"I'm sending half of our Dragoons, mounted, around the 'far side' of that Indian-infested hill." These, substantially, are the Colonel's words, as he directed the action. "The rest of the Dragoons will move directly ahead against the hill. They will be supported by the foot soldiers."

"Yes, sir." This from a junior officer—possibly young Lieutenant Kip. "And if the enemy tries to escape by fleeing down either of the two other sides of the hill, what is the procedure, Colonel?"

"If these Indians are driven into the adjoining plains, our Dragoons can give chase and destroy them."

"What about the timber around these lakes, sir?"

A section of the gun display in the "House of Yesterday" (Hastings Museum), Hastings, Nebraska. This collection houses several fine old Sharps rifles.

"We shall blast them out of the trees with our howitzers, Lieutenant."

The battle broke when the Indian's Hudson's Bay musketballs erupted at the charging Dragoons. Obviously, the chieftain's plan was to mow down the first wave of "storm troops" with the white man's trade-gun, then clean up the rest in closer fighting with accurate bow and arrow work.

At a point just beyond range for the musket's reach, the attackers made ready with their "long range" Springfields.

"Open fire!"

A burst of death hit the first front of the Indians. Warriors tumbled from their ponies. They swerved, cut back and regrouped to gallop again against the oncoming troops.

Another fusillade, and again the Indians broke to re-form a front. A new group of redmen appeared over the big hill, apparently driven over the crest by gunfire from the opposite side.

As they swung back—and before they could strike ahead as a phalanx—the command came.

"Sharps' shooters—fire!"

There was a solid crack of rifle fire. Farther away than any combat gun should reach, flabbergasted Indians tumbled from their mounts. The attacking redskins were momentarily bewildered. Before they could "knot up" to face their enemy, another burst of deadly, far-reaching fire ripped into their ranks.

Still another white man's outburst tore into their tightly grouped ponies as the Army moved in for the kill.

The Indians began to flee but then, suddenly meeting the tribesmen being driven from the far side, they spilled down the un-attacked sides of the hill. Some headed for the plains, hoping to escape the long-range—even "rapid"—rifle fire. Many were mowed down by pursuing Sharps-equipped soldiers.

On the other "open" side, the redskins fled into the pine trees at the hill's base.

"Ready the howitzers—on the trees!"

The artillery was beaded in on the timber and the detonating lanyards yanked. The mountain cannons shattered the treetops and continued firing until no more Indian movement could be discerned in the pines.

By now the rest of the attacking force had charged into position for close-in fighting. By the end of the day, the few scattered remnants of the haughty warriors who once commanded the hill had fled in terror and defeat.

In that bloody day of triumph for the Army's new Sharps rifle, two Spokane chieftains and reportedly fifty warriors were killed outright. Chief Kamiakin of the Yakimas was critically injured by a tree struck by a howitzer.

Wright's forces lost one man, and suffered few injuries.

After a brief rest at Four Lakes, Wright's men moved into Indian territory on September 5, driving Indians ahead of them for some fifteen more miles until, at the Spokane River, resistance had been almost completely broken.

It was this key campaign that weakened the northwest Indians' desire to make war against the white man and his superior weapons.

WHAT were these early, history-making Sharps rifles like?

It is hard to keep up with the "variations." Some were special alterations; other changes were by the original makers. Texas buffalo hunter Frank Mayer, in 1872, was said to have sported a ".45-120-550 Sharps—with a German-made telescope sight."

The first Sharps was one of the earliest successful breech-loading carbines. Hardly perfect, a Dragoon soldier said his ".22 calibre, single-ball Sharps could reach out twice as far as the musketoons, but when hot and dirty in battle, spits fire like a tinder lighter and the smoke gets in your eyes. . . ." Fortunately, the jet flame was well ahead of the marksman's face.

I have personally seen an 1852, .36 calibre, octagon-barrel Sharps, and an 1863, .52 calibre Sharps having a "slanting breech with a Maynard tape-primer," both in the same gun collection.

Linen or paper cartridges have been used in Sharps—which required "outside" priming. Later, new elongated metallic cartridges were preferred. Buffalo hunters went for this last model quite a lot. It really cut wind for those days!

There is also a Sharps & Hankin Navy Carbine—52 calibre, rimfire, single-shot, having an outside leather sleeve over its 24-inch barrel.

Some Sharps were advertised as having a "precision 'pin-hole' sight." Many frontiersmen used .45-90 and .50-110 car-

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tridges for long shots which, in their day, set records for accuracy.

One authority on early guns describes a "Sharps breechloading percussion carbine, .50 calibre, 21.5-inch barrel, overall length 37.5 inches. The lockplate marking was 'Sharps Patent 1852', and at the breech tang, it was marked 'Sharps Patent 1848' ahead of the serial number. It had a brass stock-patch. A sling-ring bar extended from band and sling-ring to the breech frame. It had a sloping-breech priming mechanism and rear, elevated sight with single leaf." If you own such a rifle you have something worth between $70 and $110, especially if it is designated as "Army tested."

"Wild Bill" Hickok, one of the world's fabulous pistol shots, thought so much of his Sharps rifle that his friends tucked it into his coffin when he was buried.

Whatever the type and alterations might be, the Sharps was the rifle that prompted the men who manned them early to give us the word that henceforth describes a deadly-accurate rifleman anywhere:

"Sharpshooter. . !"

Marshal of the Red Hills

(Continued from page 23)

Colonel Ewing, the publisher. Word was spread that a man was seen lurking in night shadows near the house.

When James Quisenberry, brother of the slain William, came to town on business from his farm, Chris decided to have a showdown. As the young planter mounted his horse near the city jail to leave town, Rogers came up and said, "Jim, I understand you've been seeking my life."

"Somebody lied to you, Rogers," Jim replied.

"Well, I hear you've been skulking around my house at night, carrying a shotgun."

"Be more careful who you listen to," Quisenberry advised testily. "If I undertake to kill you . . ." His words trailed off in a cry of pain. With a lightning draw, Rogers gunned the second Quisenberry brother.

The body that tumbled from Jim's saddle packed no weapon, and Chris told a relative it was the only time he killed without waiting for the other to draw. But the Quisenberry-Rogers "feud" had been discussed widely. A jury reasoned that Jim, by all the rules of feuding, should have been armed the day he died.

Monotonous reappearance of the single name, "C. C. Rogers," on the election ballots for city marshal, every two years, convinced many citizens of Palestine that no one dared oppose the steel-eyed little lawman for public office.

Another Palestine officer of wide repute was Deputy Sheriff John Childs, whose star ascended until the night of the 1884 national general election, in which Grover Cleveland was elected President. The result touched off one of Palestine's greatest political celebrations.

Childs put away his guns that night and joined in the merry-making. Celebrants built a great bonfire between the railroad tracks and Front Street, and kept shuttling between the bonfire and four saloons in the block.

Vigilant as ever, Marshal Rogers kept an eye on Deputy Childs, who grew boisterous. Chris finally put a friendly hand on his fellow-lawman's shoulder and suggested, "Go home, John, and sleep it off."

"Mind your own business!" Childs flared.

In mixed anger and in hope of sobering him, Rogers slapped the deputy's face.

Childs lumbered off and was lost in the crowd. But he did not go home; instead, he armed himself and returned, gunning for Chris.

The marshal had entered the Bismarck Saloon and stood in front of a showcase where pipes were displayed. Childs lunged through the door and opened up on Chris with a Frontier Colt. The first bullet missed and crashed through a box containing pipes. The second wounded Dick Jowers, son of the county judge, in the calf of the leg. Jowers died of the wound two weeks later.

Chris spun on one heel and fired. Deputy Sheriff John Childs staggered backward through the batwings and fell dead on the sidewalk.

IN 1886, train crews and railroad shop workers at Palestine went out on strike. The railroad company imported strike-breakers and appealed for police protection. When the first train manned by a new crew pulled in, Rogers climbed on top of the train and shouted to angry strikers who had crowded around threateningly, "I'll have to shoot the first man that comes near this train." And they knew he would.

Citizens of the area were deputized to help guard the trains and shops, and the strike was broken. Some of the strikers never forgave the little marshal.

Chris became a lonely figure. He never married. Women called him a "perfect gentleman" and looked on him with something akin to awe, but a tragic aloofness about him seemed to make them keep their distance.

The rugged pioneer period in the piney woods center was being transformed by a new culture. Steamboats came up the Trinity River to Magnolia Landing, west of Palestine. In the town, brick and stone buildings replaced the less sturdy wooden structures. The grim, alert killer-marshal seemed out of step with the new era.

An anticlimax to a brilliant career began in the street outside the opera house, at twilight one day in 1887.

Tom O'Donnell, a popular young bartender at the Buckhorn Saloon, was having in-law trouble. A brawl developed with his father-in-law. The older man's wife lodged a complaint against Tom.

Tom and Chris, always firm friends, met on the sidewalk outside the opera house, where the curtain had fallen on many great dramas. Tom was on his way to work the night shift at the Buckhorn.

"What's my mother-in-law doing following you around?" O'Donnell demanded.

"She lodged a complaint against you, Tom. Said you beat up her husband. You'll have to come by in the morning and post bail." They started off in opposite directions. "See you in the morning, Tom," Chris called back.

The old woman, who had followed Chris, ran up to him. "Rogers, Tom's got a gun. Why don't you take it?"

Chris turned back and motioned to his friend. "Tom, give me your gun."

Tom's handsome face clouded. "I give no man my gun," he said between clenched teeth.

Rogers was all business now. "Give it to me," he insisted, advancing on the bartender.

O'Donnell did, but not as Chris intended. Tom jerked his gun out and emptied it at Chris, in a berserk moment of passion and fear.

A bullet broke the marshal's right forearm and lodged above the elbow just as he unsheathed his own weapon. As his right hand went limp, Chris snatched the gun in his left hand and fired four quick shots.

Tom O'Donnell was dead on the brick walk, and his friend, Chris Rogers, knelt beside the body, stroking Tom's fine, black hair with his own good left hand. "Tom, you made me do it!" he said sadly.

An eye-witness who was a little boy at the time said that's how it happened, but other witnesses had conflicting versions when the case for murder against Rogers was tried at nearby Athens, Henderson County. The jury disagreed, eleven for conviction, one for acquittal.

The Palestine marshal, meanwhile, was suspended from office and denied the right to wear the deadly gun in the armpit holster that had brought him both fame and condemnation.

FRIDAY afternoon, July 26, 1888, while he was awaiting a second trial, Chris entered Robertson's Saloon in Palestine. He was unarmed—not even having a penknife. His broken right arm was carried in a sling. The town was almost deserted. Many citizens were attending a day-long picnic at Tennessee Colony. It was hot; Chris was wearing a silk pongee shirt. He was always immaculate.

Two of the hangers-on took a dim view of the disarmed marshal. With his fangs pulled, he was just a little man with a broken wing headed for a prison rockpile for murdering his friend, Tom O'Donnell. That's how the two saw Chris, and they kept on annoying him with oblique remarks.

Finally the two sneering critics pulled out, leaving only Chris, a young friend named Bill Young, who was a locomotive engineer, and B. A. Durham, who ran the place.

Rogers invited his friend Young to sit at a table, where they had a glass of beer and talked. Chris was riled up about remarks the two had made about testimony in his murder trial.

"Quarles and McReynolds—I can't forget that they testified for the state at the hearing on application for a change of venue," Chris complained to his friend.

The two men went over to the bar to order more beer.

"You're talking about friends of mine," Young said slowly. "Chris, don't call them liars. If you do, I'll have to call you a liar!"

One by one, the men Rogers had counted as friends had seemed to turn against him. Doing his duty as his conscience had dictated, he had lost them all. And now this young man, Jim Young, who had seemed so loyal, had suddenly turned red in the face and called Chris a liar.

Like a spring that breaks while drawn tight, Chris Rogers was galvanized. The broken right arm leaped out of its sling and cracked against Bill Young's jaw.

The two customers, friends moments ago, were locked in a wild melee, as Durham streaked out of the saloon, seeking help to part them.

Durham returned too late—the marshal of the red hills, silk shirt a gory mess, was slumped in the sawdust on the barroom floor, blood flowing freely from the numerous knife wounds he had received.

Fifteen minutes later, Christopher Columbus Rogers was dead.

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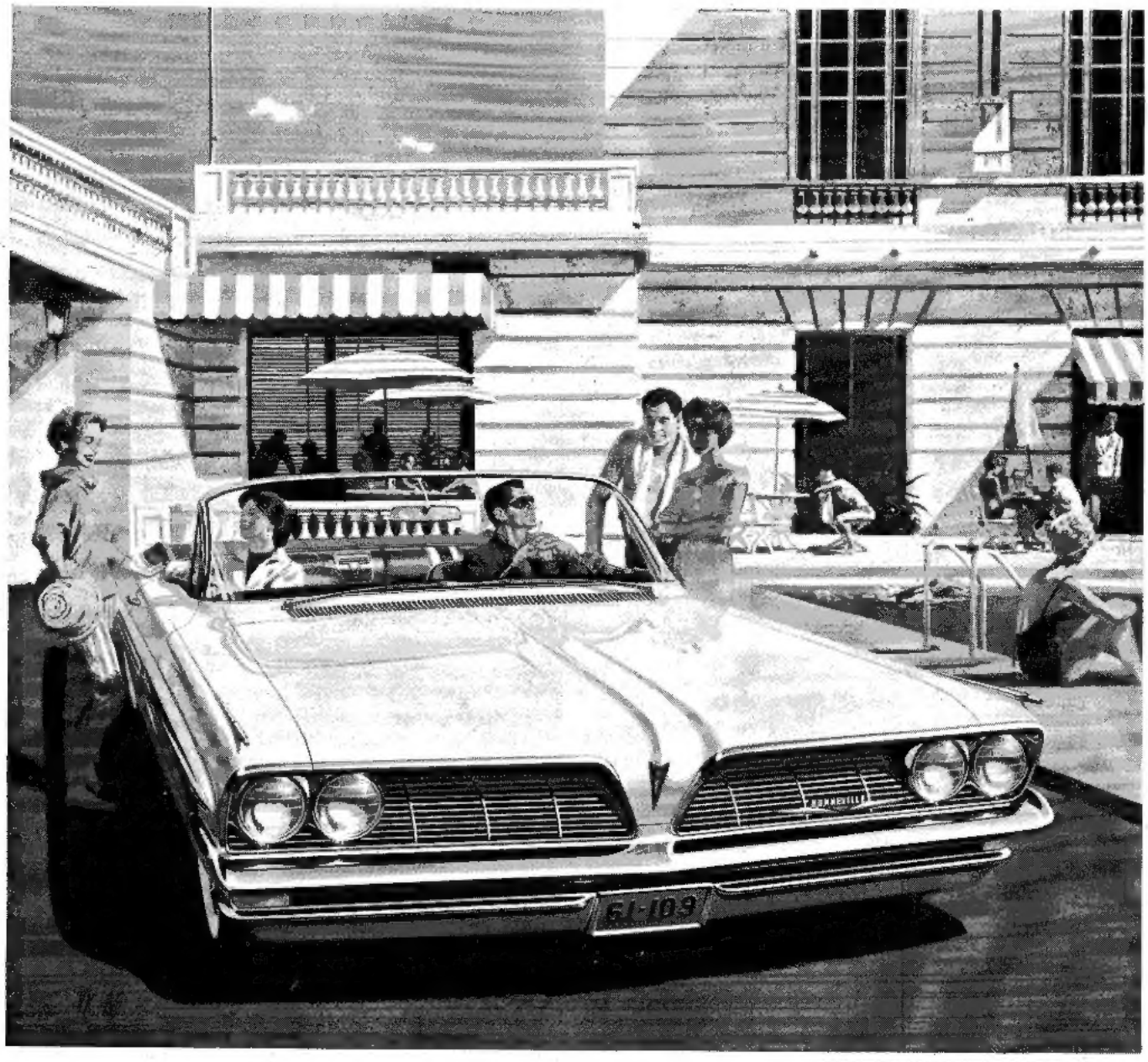

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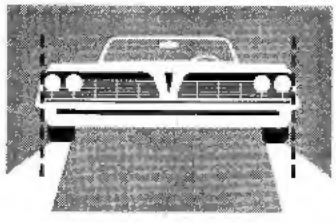

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